



Liberty

FEB. 3, 1945

10c

Book: HARD FACTS

By **HOWARD SPRING**

Author of My Son, My Son!

**OUR NEWEST PROBLEM-
GERMAN CIVILIANS**

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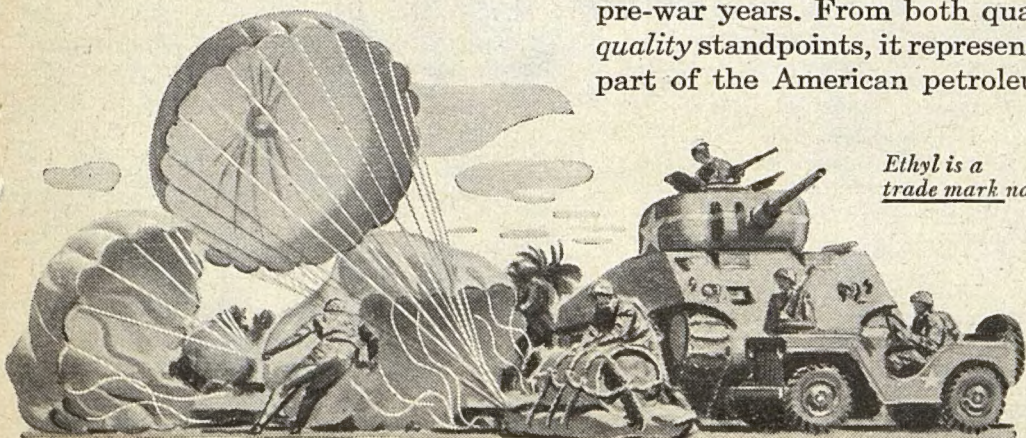


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★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Hard Facts—A worthy successor by Howard Spring to *My Son, My Son!*—abridged to a reading time of one evening.....

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★ EDITORIAL

Here's One Change It Is Time For! *Paul Hunter*.....

Cover: *Soldiers' Sweetheart—Junior-Miss Size*

Painted by Frances Tipton Hunter

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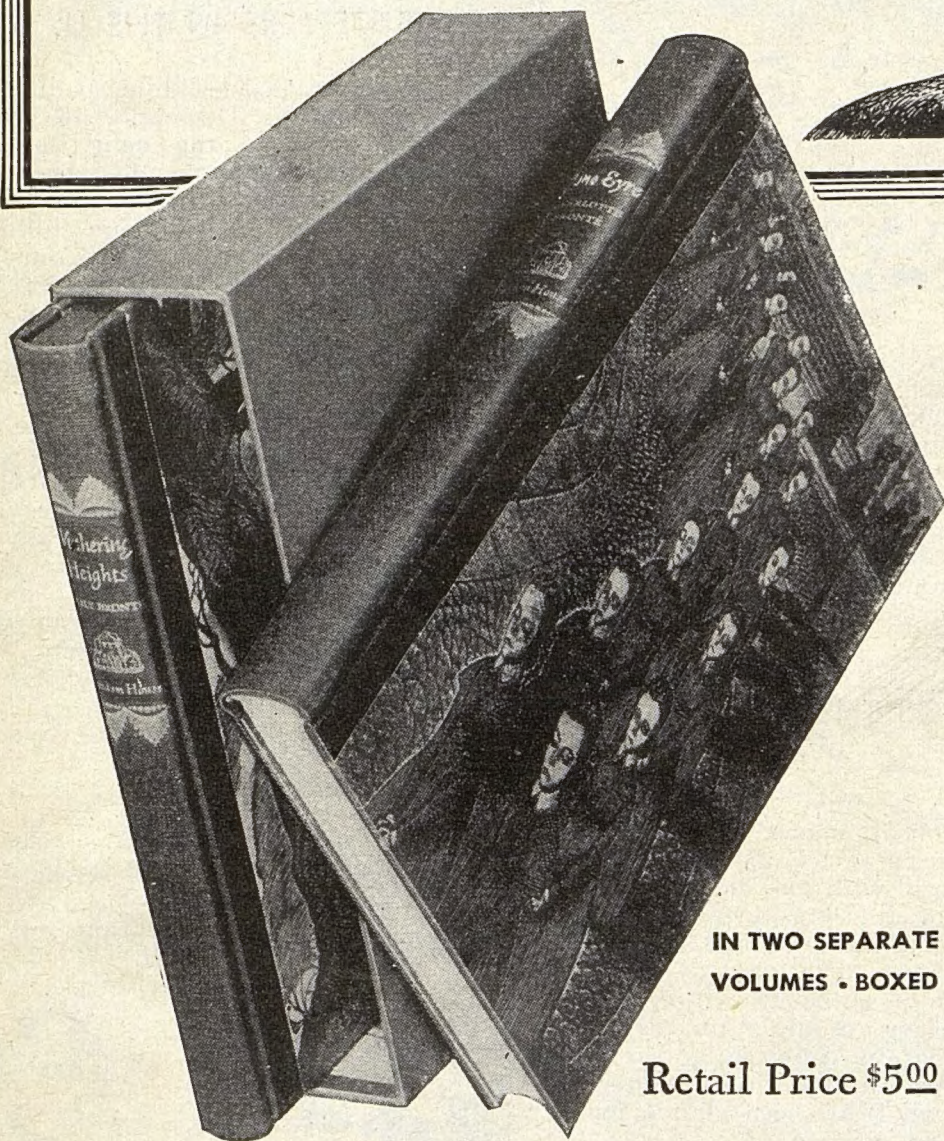
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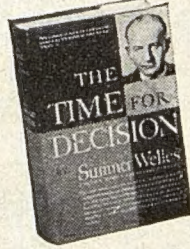
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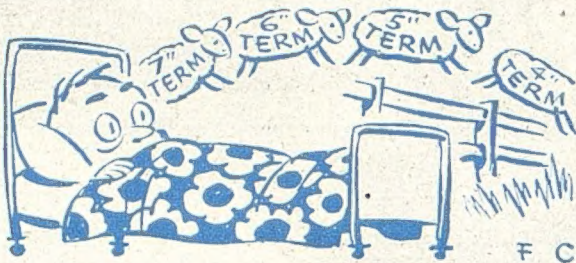
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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

WHO'S CRITICIZING NOW?

LA JOLLA, CALIF.—Your December 16 editorial, Post-Mortem on the Election, is the silliest, most asinine, most ridiculous editorial I have ever read in any magazine or newspaper. I suppose you must be spending sleepless nights worrying that Mr. Roosevelt (God bless him) might run for a fifth term.



When in heaven's name are you newspaper and magazine publishers and editors going to awaken from your lethargy and realize that the more you criticize the President the more you are going to crystallize the fact in people's minds that Roosevelt is a wonderful President. He is not perfect, but dammit, Mr. Hunter, he is doing the best he can. Why not, for a change, praise instead of criticize?—Samuel Kustina, Pfc.

AMERICA RINGS THE LIBERTY BELL

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Have just finished reading the condensation of Stephen Vincent Benét's America (December 2). I was so much impressed with the beauty and worthwhileness of this masterpiece that I would like to make the following suggestion.

Print this story in a pocket edition and make it compulsory reading for every high-school student in America, for it is not only literature but the finest history of America and what America stands for that has ever been written.

The last paragraph so clearly expresses what I hoped to express two years ago when I wrote the following verse for July 4:

Let the Liberty Bell ring out once more;
Let it be heard on every shore,
Sounding the call for Victory,
Tolling the doom of tyranny;
Calling all men that would be free
To arise and strike for Liberty.
Let the Liberty Bell ring evermore
On every land and sea.

—Fred W. Bonitz.

TOKYO IS NO MILK RUN

LAREDO, TEXAS—While reading Vox Pop in the December 23 issue, I ran across the letter sent in by Sergeant Lovelace and several others who objected to a Wayne Parrish article in which he called a raid over Tokyo a "milk run."

Though I have never flown a mission to Tokyo, I will agree that any flight over Tokyo will not be as routine as a milk run until Japan has fallen and we have established bases there for our own use.

Having completed a tour in the Mediterranean theater of the European Theater of Operations, I feel that I can say, without any reservation, that no mission regarded as a milk run until you've come back safe, without encountering any enemy opposition from flak or fighters.—T/Sgt. D. Gregory.

GOOSE-STEPPERS IN THE U. S.?

NEW MARKET, ALA.—While reading several letters in the December 16 issue of Liberty I came to the conclusion that there are still a few people who do not appreciate living in a free country. They even seem to want to do one thing that would destroy the very thing our forefathers put up such a fight for. I am speaking of peacetime conscription.

We have pitied German children and renounced Germany for making goose-steppers of their children, and yet they are those who wish to do the same thing here in free America.

I do not see how anyone can feel that the way to keep peace is to have every country standing with guns ready and aimed to go off at the sound of the first little noise.

I have never read where Jesus Christ ever carried any kind of weapon except love, and I never heard of Him having a fight.—Mrs. Gordon Campbell.

CORRECTION

LINCOLN, NEBR.—How did the December 23 cover ever get by? Since when have enlisted men and officers been wearing service ribbons and decorations on their overcoats?—First Lt. W. H.



LAREDO, TEXAS—We have just gazed upon the cover of your December 23 issue, and read the "story" behind it.

If this guy Bill Webster is real, he should be pretty disgusted, because the picture makes him look like the only common "PX Soldier."

Kindly correct this and oblige a lot of ex-combat men.—S/Sgt. Donald W. Kelton, S/Sgt. Thomas M. Moran, S/Sgt. Robert J. Webster.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

FORT McCLELLAN, ALA.—I just read your article Roadblock, by Lt. James N. Also (December 16). Having been in the Southwest Pacific at the time of the action mentioned, I can vouch for the truth of the article.

Thanks for printing it.—T/Sgt. A. I. Chapman.



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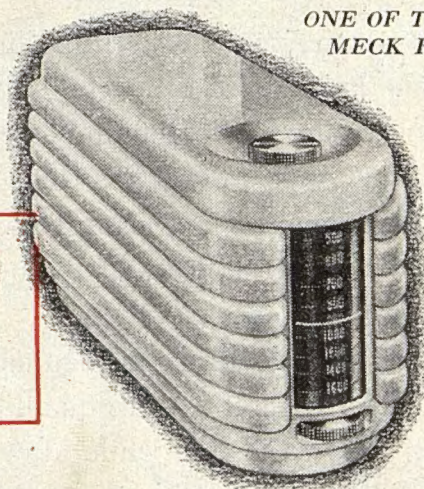
"You will get more satisfaction—better value—from a radio bought through a radio *specialist*—your local radio dealer.

"You will get every worth-while improvement—because my years of experience and technical knowledge enable me to choose the best postwar models.

"Many of us dealers have chosen Meck Radios—because they offer you outstanding engineering advancements as well as a reputation for quality firmly established through years of building world-famed electronic products."

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QUALITY . . . WORTH WAITING FOR



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NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
EXPERIENCE

THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT PAUSE . . .

One of these days, restrictions will be lifted on outboard sales for pleasure use.

While Johnson has the facilities to build a major share of all outboard motors manufactured, there will definitely be some lag between the lifting of restrictions and full deliveries of all Sea-Horse models.

How long? That depends on many things, including army and navy requirements. There has been, there still is and there will be a large army and navy demand for *Sea-Horses*.

The qualities that make Sea-Horses suitable for war—ruggedness, smooth performance, and **DEPENDABILITY**—are qualities worth waiting for. To get these qualities, you may have to wait a while after restrictions are lifted; but you'll have them for **YEARS** of satisfaction thereafter.



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WIND IN THE SAHARA

By R. V. C. Bodley

Liberty's Book Condensation

The enthusiastic reception of this book has proved that the down-to-earth realities of Arab civilization are more interesting than any glamorized version of Islam will be vitally important in the postwar world, and Mr. Bodley's intimate picture of its men and women is of great significance.

STALIN SAYS: BUY AMERICAN!

By Harrison Salisbury

The U. S. S. R., where there are shortages of practically everything, can become the biggest and best postwar market—but it won't come about automatically.

HUNTER'S BOON: THE RING-NECKED PHEASANT

By Harold Titus

Thanks to the big wind of 1900, which blew a thousand Chinese ring-necked pheasants out of a hatchery, twelve million hunters now find happy hunting every year.

RADIO WITHOUT SOAP

By Aiken Welch

He kicks radio's limitations in the rear and insists on giving you the best, whether it sells soap or not. At 34, Norman Corwin is the writer-producer-director who "drapes radio with long pants."

"TIGER JACK'S" SPEARHEADS

By Wes Gallagher

In daring ways of their own, the men of General Wood's Fourth Armored Division "attack, attack, and then attack again." Here is the meaning behind the word "Armored spearheads ripped . . ."

JUNK GOES BACK TO WAR

By A. D. Rathbone, IV

How Ordnance handles a thousand tons of junked war matériel a day, fixing it up like new and returning it to the front to fight again. It's your money that's being saved!

I COULD NOT LOVE THEE, DEAR—

By Phyllis Duganne

There's patriotic feeling and a lot of tender romance in this story of an old family whose proud name had always been on the town honor roll—and always would be.

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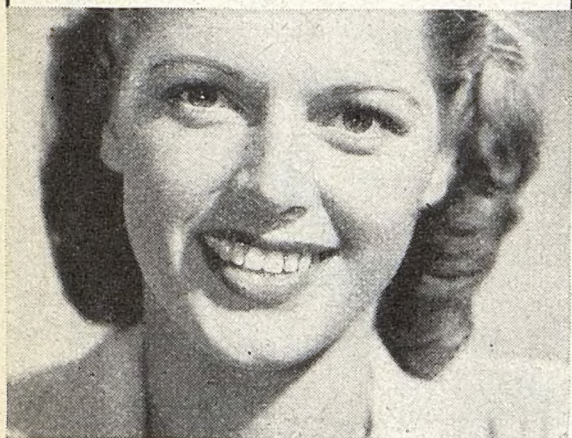


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THIS MAN'S WAR CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THOSE verses from the South Pacific, in the September 30 This Man's War, inspired considerable comment. The following spot observations, supported by the signatures of six marines, were received via the San Francisco Fleet Post Office. Referring to the lines "Where the gooney birds scream nightly" and "Where the gooneys moan and cry":

Gooney birds don't scream, nightly or otherwise. What that gyrene heard was the dreadful sound of the moaners (prop-



Dancers

erly, the Bonin petrels). These birdies make what may be taken for imitations of everything from a screaming child to the hara-kiri moans of a Nip boy.

Mr. Gooney is an albatross and a beautiful creature, even though on the ground he has a waddling stride. Gooneys are so friendly that you can even pick them up and carry them around. They may be seen in group dances which stop if a human approaches, and then one of the birds comes over and nods to the human as though to invite him in.

Gooneys are seen thousands of miles out at sea and follow ships for weeks on end, sometimes soaring for days without flapping a wing.

These are our remarks in defense of the gooney, a beautiful bird, an old friend, and a good sailor.

Ken "Padre" Carlile, AMM 2/c,
Henry "Grumpie" Morris, AMM 2/c,
Robert "Bee" Biederman, ARM 3/c,
Jesse "Mattie" Materese, AOM 2/c,
Russ "Cavalier" Severino, AOM 3/c,
Frank "Dizzie" Gizzi, ARM 1/c.

From another quarter, MT Sgt. Leslie J. Apmann, U. S. M. C., reports:

I have been on twelve islands in the South Pacific and I have never found a gooney bird down here. The Midway Islands is the only place I ever saw one, and I believe they fly north from there. There are at least 10,000 on that island.

Hey, what's going to happen to ordinary run-of-mine conversation in the Audubon Society when these world travelers get back?

OLD SARGE.

Is it necessary for an American soldier to salute a German officer who is a prisoner of war?

Lt. Comdr. H. V. H., U. S. M. S.

No, it isn't. The Geneva Convention, formulated and signed by forty-seven nations in 1929, established rules for the humane treatment and conduct of prisoners of war. Article 18 states that "prisoners of war must salute officers of the detaining power," and "officers who are prisoners of war are bound to salute only officers of a higher or equal rank;" but as nothing is said about representatives of the detaining power saluting captured officers, it is not necessary for American soldiers to salute German officer prisoners. A War Department release recently confirmed this.

* * *

Sarge, in my December 9 Liberty I read a letter to you signed by some lady (we're out of pure politeness I'll call her a lady with the name Sociable Annie. It hit me right in my weakest part—namely, my stomach. I have been in this man's Army for nearly four years and have spent twenty-three months in Alaska and the Aleutians. But anyone with common sense could have seen just exactly what Sociable Annie was getting at. She would certainly like to be able to volunteer her husband's service for the Army of Occupation so that she would be rid of him a little longer and still get his allotment, so she could go out and be sociable, as she puts it, with the gang. I would be ashamed to write a letter like that, not to mention having it published. I hope to God her husband doesn't have the bad luck to read it, and above all I hope something can be done and will be, to stop women like her from getting the allotment.

O. K., Sarge, I know you're tired of me beefing, so I'll quit by saying, keep up the good work, and the sooner you are out of a job the happier we will all be.

Sgt. L. P. S., Dodge City, Kans.

If I see what you mean, Sgt. L. P. S., you are saying that this girl ought to be shoved off on her own two feet, or that "taxation without representation is tyranny."

* * *

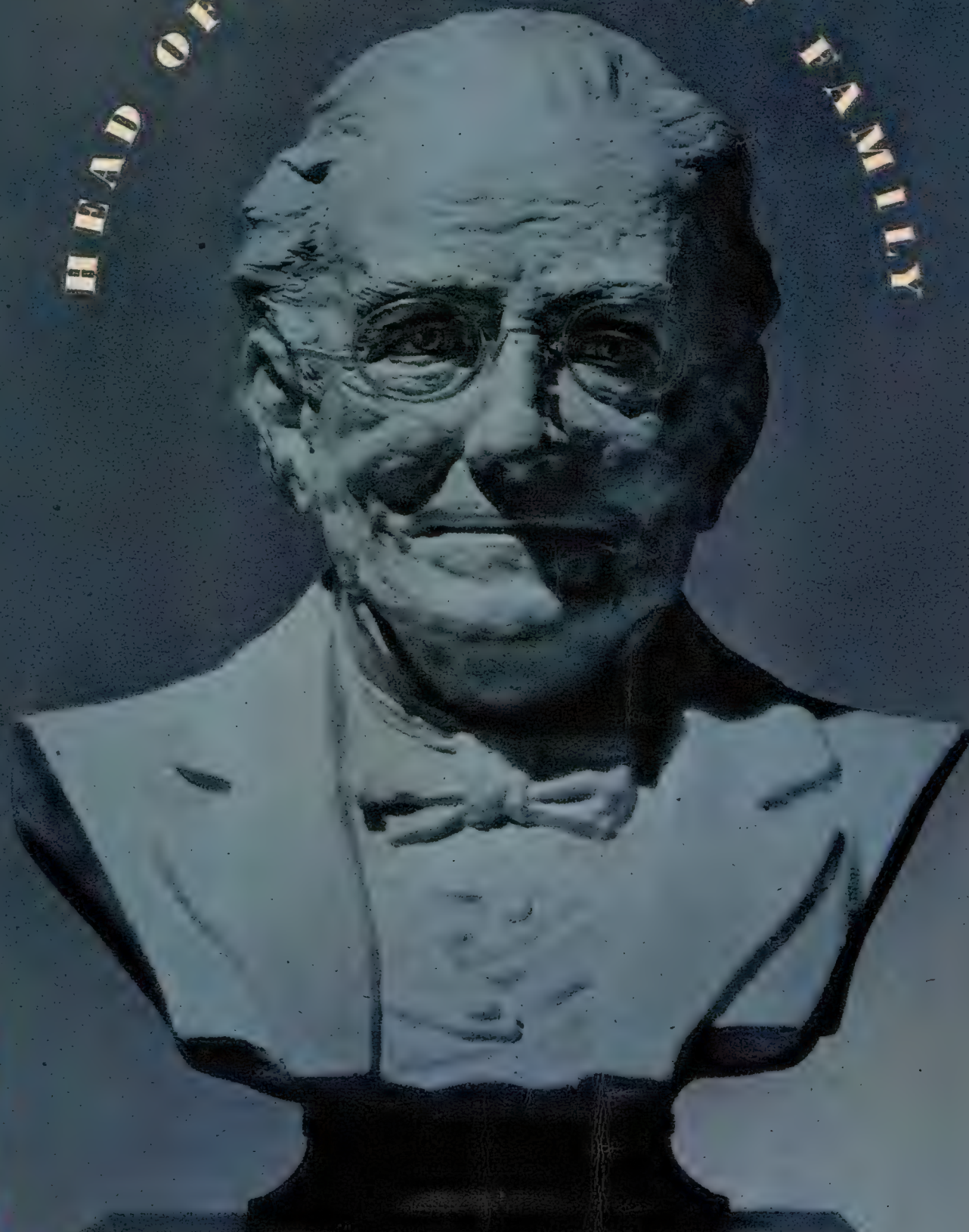
I served in Newfoundland from February, '43, to April, '44, as part of the Marines' defense of that island. I also was on guard duty aboard a Navy transport on our way up. A few hours from Newfoundland our convoy was attacked by enemy subs and we were told a torpedo passed beneath our stern. I am wondering if I rate any kind of ribbon.

J. M., Camp Lejeune, N. C.

For this service you are entitled to wear the American Theater ribbon. If the torpedo had struck the stern, you would be entitled to a battle star on the ribbon.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without the permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Super-Liberator, Single-Tailed

Add to your catalogue of American air-planes the PB4Y-2, a land-based patrol bomber being built for the Navy by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation. The PB4Y-2 is not dissimilar in construction and size to the Liberator bomber, but one notable difference is its single large tail. The Liberator has a twin-boom tail.

Actually it is a new design, although the layman might confuse it with the Liberator when seeing them side by side on an airfield. The main similarity is the Davis high-lift wing. The PB4Y-2 has a different type armament, is more efficient, and has a larger fuselage than its Army colleague, the Liberator. Built specifically for long overwater patrol, it carries more radio and detection equipment than any other production model currently known to exist. Two of the eleven crewmen are required to operate this equipment in each airplane.

It is a cantilever-wing monoplane with improved Pratt & Whitney twin Wasp engines, a semi-monocoque fuselage, a single-rudder tail, retractable tricycle landing gear, and twelve machine guns.

Gross weight ranges from 62,000 to 65,000 pounds and the maximum speed is over 250 miles an hour. In actual cruising operations the speed would be between 200 and 215 miles an hour. Its flight range is considerably over 3,000 miles, and its principal uses are for search and photographic missions, antisubmarine patrols, and bombing raids.

It should be noted that another single-rudder tail version of the original Liberator B-24 bomber is being used as a passenger transport plane between San Diego and Sydney, Australia, by the Royal Air Force Transport Command. The R. A. F. T. C. has opened up a London-to-Australia air-mail and military transport service to speed communications between the United Kingdom and the Australian Commonwealth. Bombers are used from London to Montreal, and a Douglas C-47 transport plane from Montreal to San Diego.

At that point the new Convair transport picks up the service and flies to Honolulu

via San Francisco and is routed and dispatched by our Army's Air Transport Command on down through the Pacific to Australia.

At Ninety He'll Be an Admiral!

One of the proudest airmen in the Pacific is Lieutenant (j. g.) Teddy Ling Thomas. He's a young man of some sixty years who just got his commission a few months ago after a long career in the Navy. Many youngsters in the Navy carry higher ranks, but there are few men among his juniors who know as many admirals and other high-ranking officers as Teddy Thomas knows.

If you look back to 1916, you'll admit that our Navy's air fleet was mighty small. But Teddy Thomas was one of the first thirty-five men in the Navy selected for aviation work. His first assignment was aboard the old North Carolina, a cruiser doubling as seaplane tender with its brood of fifteen "hydroplanes" which almost constituted the whole Navy air strength at that time. Later he was chief rigger for the Navy's famous dirigibles.

He came up through the petty-officer grades as bo's'n's mate, chief bo's'n's mate, chief quartermaster, aviation chief rigger, aviation chief machinist's mate, and chief warrant machinist. Then last August he was promoted to lieutenant. Today he's with the Naval Air Transport Service in Hawaii.

"Put Your Town on the Air Map"

If you are on the lookout for new booklets which tell you things you need to know about postwar civil aviation—such things as airports, for instance—there's an unusually good booklet available from the Personal Aircraft Council of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, Shoreham Building, Washington, D. C., entitled Put Your Town on the Air Map. It discusses the flight strip, air park, and airport problems with which every city and community is confronted. Already 45,000 copies have been distributed—and there's no charge!

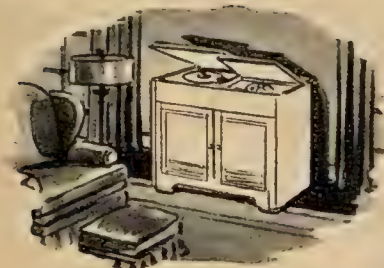
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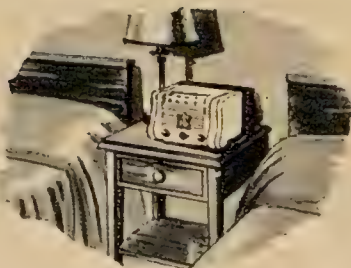
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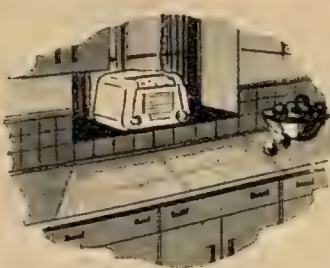
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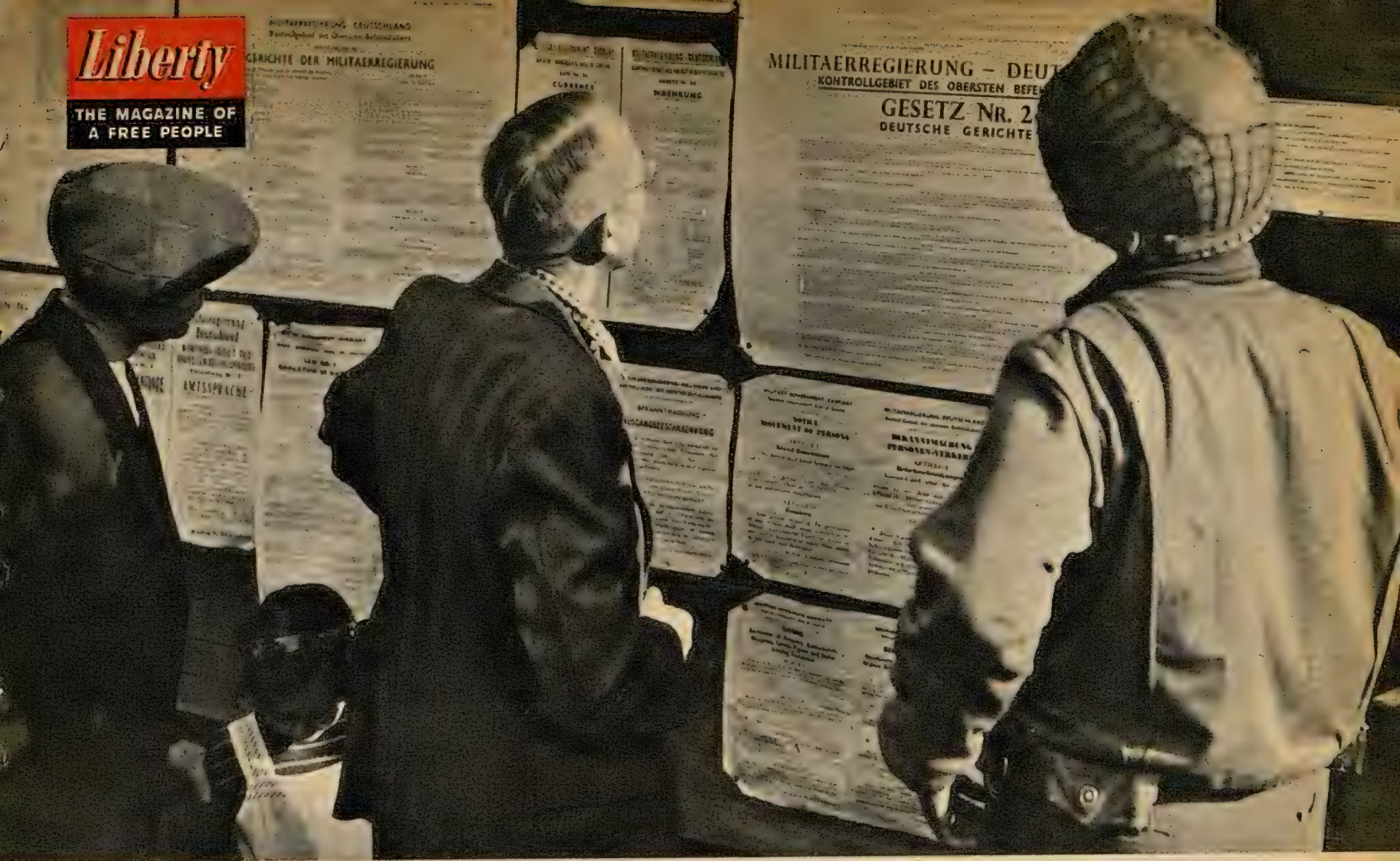
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This evening thousands of service men will be asking for the Long Distance lines that connect them with their homes all over America.

You'll be doing them a real favor if you help keep the lines open from 7 to 10 P. M. They'll appreciate it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





To enforce these new regulations in occupied Germany, the American First Army has opened a school to retrain Nazi cops.

Our Newest Problem—German Civilians

BY ERIKA MANN

Paris.

SOMEWHERE very near what used to be the German boundary, the U. S. First Army has opened a school the like of which had never been seen. Here German policemen are studying the laws and regulations by which occupied Germany will be run. Also, they are taught their own duties and to speak and understand enough English to do the job.

Army authorities are quick to stress the experimental character of this enterprise. Nothing is risked, while much may be gained. If the cops turn out to be stubborn or treacherous, if they engage in passive resistance or in sabotage, they are likely to get hurt, just like any other Nazi who won't play ball. If, on the other hand, they can be made serviceable to the Allied Military Government, the time and effort invested in their education will pay dividends.

As civilian policemen and city, rather than party, employees, they are not to be considered "professional Nazis," although, like anyone holding public office under Hitler, they had to be members of the party, with loyalty to the Führer their supreme law. More often than not these petty civil servants were drafted from civilian life, where they had been tailors, gardeners, clerks, or salesmen. Thus they are familiar with the viewpoints of former associates, who form the bulk of the lower middle classes. It stands to reason

A Liberty war correspondent learns something of what is ahead of us in governing German territory as she visits the U.S. First Army's new school for retraining Nazi cops

that any advance knowledge of their attitude will prove profitable to us.

Although they were found in flattened Aachen, they do not hail from there. They had been brought in by the Gestapo from Cologne and other Rhineland cities because it was feared that local police would not carry out evacuation orders with the desired ruthlessness.

Originally there were some 200 of them, all of whom seemed willing enough to attend the AMG school; but after they'd been "screened" repeatedly, only eighty-nine were left. The rest were rejected as potentially treacherous.

"This does not mean that we actually trust the chosen ones," I was told by Colonel Damon Gunn, chief of G5 (Civil Affairs) and AMG, First Army, to whose initiative the school owes its existence. "All we do is give them a chance to prove their dependability. They're under strict military discipline and very closely watched. Once they've learned their stuff

and graduated, we'll send them out, individually or in small groups, to take up their duties and teach their colleagues what they've learned. No matter how this experiment turns out, we'll have to use the German police, just as the Germans had to use the French, Belgian, or Norwegian police forces. And while we can't possibly educate all of them, a few hundred well-trained men can school thousands and influence tens of thousands."

When I first saw them, they were playing a game in front of their barracks. Their own police outfits had been taken away from them to be dyed and altered, and they were wearing ill-fitting Wehrmacht uniforms. Commanded by their own *Polizeimeister*, they were running in circles, pursuing, catching, and arresting one another for exercise.

"Just like kids," said one of a bunch of G. I.s who were plainly enjoying the sight. Actually, the baby among the Ger-

(Continued on page 48)



Proper young Susy had the most proper fiancé you ever saw. Why and where she disappeared every week-end no one knew—until Red, who was not so proper, trailed her one fine day

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THIS happened before the war, at a time when I knew Susy only through the newspapers—and had scant use for her and her syndicated advice to the uncouth. I didn't know Red Stanton either. He was one of those beautiful clunks of newspaper men you read about, working in New York City, having arrived there via Princeton; and I was selling insurance in St. Louis, having arrived at that, via high school, peddling lawn mowers and a lot of other jobs.

Red and I met going through Basic in the Marine Corps. We landed in the same platoon. We were agreed upon several things, drill instructors among 'em, politics, Germans, Japs, Fibber and Molly, Joe E. Brown and blondes. We liked blondes, about a hundred and five pounds dripping wet and not over five four. Which is what brought us to Susy.

I'm piecing this together from what Red told me and from what I afterward heard from Susy, the time Red and I had a furlough before going over and I saw her for myself. If it sounds screwy, well, that's the way it was. I wish I had been in on it. It didn't make sense but it must have been fun.

I daresay you have heard of Susan De Peyster Livingstone Manners. Probably you have confused her with her maiden great-aunt of the same triple-barreled name. Aunt Susan was quite a girl. It was unsuitable that she had to die, indirectly, because of a barroom brawl, but that's what happened. However, before she died she had to live, and when the family fortunes took a nose dive and crashed, she lived by telling people who hadn't been raised right or who couldn't think for themselves, how to set a table, eat, dress, give their young men the brush-off, behave toward their elders, and fire the butler.

Yes, she was the original Susan Manners whose syndicated column on how to behave was devoured from coast to coast.

Miss Manners had plenty of background. The family bristled with big-time diplomats, ambassadors, ministers, and such. There was money to burn and they burned it. Aunt Susan was the last of the lot, and she inhabited a little house on Fifth Avenue, and a stone monstrosity in Newport. She never married although she had plenty of offers. She'd been a pretty attractive dish in her day. But the men who thought so never quite measured up to her standards. The nearest she came to marrying anyone was an absent-minded young doctor who took her, well chaperoned, to a matinee and, on leaving the theater, thoughtlessly held his umbrella cockeyed

He clutched at the window ledge. With distended eyes, he watched her rise and cut a rug neatly.

Susy Knew the Answers

with the result that Aunt Susan was drenched with rain. She broke her engagement and that was that.

When she was fifty her great-niece and namesake came to live with her. Susy was then two years old. She had lost her parents in a flu epidemic and Aunt Susan took her in. *Noblesse oblige*, I suppose, for she hadn't much use for Susy's father. He was a merry lad who had married a very swell girl who ate her salad with the same fork as her roast beef, and Aunt Susan couldn't forgive that.

But she knew her duty, so she had Susy shipped East and undertook to train her. There was money with which to do it: the poker-faced governesses, and dancing schools in which good little girls learned to point their toes and curtsy.

But the Manners' fortune, as I have said, took a turn for the worse and finally expired, quietly.

Aunt Susan went to work, in a ladylike way. She had long been known as a social mentor, a human slide rule of what's done and what isn't, so an enterprising editor of a new, very successful newspaper, the Planet, came to call on her one afternoon—in a cutaway which he hadn't worn since his father-in-law descended to the nether regions—to ask her if she wouldn't conduct a column in correct social behavior.

AUNT SUSAN received him in a Victorian drawing room, they drank China tea in spode cups served by a superannuated butler, and discussed the matter.

The editor went away dazed. He had completed his mission and was stuck with it. Aunt Susan was the winner. She had stipulated that her work be done from her home, that she be supplied with a secretarial staff and a salary which all but knocked his eyes out.

However, Manners, by Susan Manners, was launched and broke upon a palpitant world like a blockbuster. Susan Manners was practically a legend.

So that percentage of the population which had been worrying about shaking hands with the footman, which had lain awake wondering if you should ask the guy in while mamma was at the movies, took a deep breath. No longer need any fine point of etiquette come between Fanny Whistlebreaches and her boy friend, Marmaduke Brazilnut; it would be solved by a letter to Manners. Of course Fanny might have to wait weeks before her question was answered in the public prints, but if she sent a stamped addressed envelope she would be favored with an immediate, personal reply from the Dowager herself.

Miss Manners sold the New York house and took an apartment. She sold the Newport cottage, which was only slightly smaller than a major terminal, rented the gatehouse on the property of her friend, Mrs. Alvin Somerset-Livingstone, and went on advising the untutored and bringing up Susy.

Aunt Susan did not approve of boarding schools because the only standards upon which their entrance requirements were based—apart from an ability to read and write—were the standards of the check-book. Anyone could attend a boarding

school if pop had the fee. So Susy didn't go to boarding school. She attended a small day school so select that few families had enough children to keep it going.

Susy didn't go to college. Colleges were even more perilous than boarding schools. Aunt Susan had nothing against education. Indeed, she approved of it. But colleges often had a slightly radical slant . . . No properly brought up young woman was radical. So Susy's education was not conducted along the usual academic lines.

At her day school Susy learned to read, write, and figure. She had literature, piano, appreciation of art, and a couple of dead languages as well as French and German. But Aunt Susan was not satisfied with that. She held the opinion that if a gentlewoman did not know more than the servants she employed she was at a social loss and sometimes at the mercy of notable blackmailers as well. So she saw to it that Susy learned to cook and to sweep, wash windows and sew a fine seam. She learned to set a table, whip up a menu complete with the proper wines, and to be a guest as well as a hostess.

When Susy was twenty, Aunt Susan

demise, Aunt Susan went to a wedding reception in a New York hotel. She could do no other, as the bride was the granddaughter of an old friend and her parents had taken up their residence in the St. Hubert. It was a very fine wedding, and champagne gushed with frequency. Aunt Susan, wearing her usual black and pearls, with little Susy at her side in dove gray, was forced to admit that, as receptions went, all it lacked was the background of a home. Susy, of course, had an elegant time. She was a very pretty girl. She was small, honey-blond, and with a controlled vivacity. There were at least five young men there who were old friends and hoped to become closer.

During the proceedings a number of the party drifted down to the cocktail room. Aunt Susan went too, because she was loudly urged and a gentlewoman makes no public scene.

I don't know exactly what happened. But some oaf became plastered and made a bet with another who was even more so. While Susy was busy refusing drinks—she had had her quota upstairs—the middle-aged character who had taken the bet managed to find a seat beside Aunt Susan.

Someone said he ended a sentence with a preposition; but it is more likely that he ended it with a proposition. Aunt Susan rose, without hysteria, and spirited Susy away with her. That night she suffered a stroke from which she did not recover. It is a delicate question whether Aunt Susan's cerebral hemorrhage stemmed from outrage or a belated realization that the proposition had come some forty years too late.

During her illness the secretarial staff carried on, but even the staff was stumped by some of the sixty-four-dollar questions, and came to Susy for assistance. Susy knew the answers. She was not the rose, but she had dwelt with her. From the age of two she had been exposed to amenities, niceties, and conventions. These she had absorbed through eyes, ears, and pores. Also she had the heritage and the background.

Aunt Susan died quietly, giving little trouble to her nurses. Some of her drawing-

room dictates seemed a little superfluous even before the war; since, in fact, the untrammelled '20s and the suicidal '30s. Now they appear fantastic. But the basis upon which Aunt Susan built her ivory tower was sound enough. Aunt Susan believed that good manners began in the heart, and that tact was an integral reflex action of that organ.

It was whispered among the staff of the Planet that with Aunt Susan even *rigor mortis* was strictly *de rigueur*. This quip reached Susy, and she regarded its per-

(Continued on page 64)



Aunt Susan rose, without hysteria, and spirited Susy away with her.

died. She died as I have said, as the result of stepping out of her world.

Aunt Susan rarely patronized a hotel except when traveling or vacationing in a sober, blue-blooded resort. She did not approve of debutante or other social functions in public places. When Susy at seventeen made her debut she did so in the apartment, and received Aunt Susan's friends and their flowers, clad in purest white. There was a string orchestra and proper refreshment. It was very dull but eminently proper.

However, shortly before her lamentable

Miracle Against Infantile Paralysis

BY RUTH McCOY HARRIS

How the people of North Carolina — doctors, nurses, plumbers, carpenters, parents—fought the plague of '44; and a summary of what we have learned about infantile paralysis to date

THE first warning was a single case of poliomyelitis on May 30, the first in North Carolina in 1944. The sick child was admitted to the Memorial Hospital in Charlotte. Soon half a dozen other cases were reported from widely separated counties in the Piedmont area. The crippling disease was following its usual pattern; apparently there was no cause for alarm.

Then it happened. A plague of infantile paralysis swept through the Catawba River valley. Children from the farms, from the mining villages up in the hills, from the mill towns in the valley began to overflow the isolation ward at Charlotte Memorial. Another ward was hastily converted for them. Nurses recruited by the Red Cross Disaster Service staffed the three hospital tents borrowed from a near-by Army supply depot and set up on the hospital grounds. Still the sick children came. The state Orthopaedic Hospital in neighboring Gastonia prepared two more isolation wards.

In Raleigh, the state capital, Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, state health officer, and C. H. Crabtree, state representative of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, got together to make plans at the earliest threat of epidemic. First they sounded the alert to parents by radio and newspaper: Be careful. Report to the family doctor any symptoms of infantile paralysis: headache, nausea and vomiting, head colds, fever, stiffness of the neck or back, painful muscles; any slight illness which ordinarily would be treated at home should be reported at once; it might be infantile paralysis. Local public health officers throughout the state were warned.

Next the state authorities considered the problem of more hospital space. The sick children kept coming in to Charlotte, some of them with painful and useless limbs, some not able to swallow, scarcely able to breathe. More than a score were waiting to be admitted and there was no more room. A place must be found at once.

What happened next they call the miracle of Hickory. But it was no miracle really. It was just another example of what people can do when they must, when the need is great and dramatic.

Within three days a modern hospital, the Emergency Infantile Paralysis Hospital, was set up and receiving polio patients at Hickory, in Catawba County, the heaviest hit section of the state. Dr. H. C. Whims, county health officer, requisitioned a small building used as a summer camp and, aided by representatives of the National Foundation and the state Health Department, set to work with a crew of carpenters, plumbers, sanitation men, electricians.

Dr. A. Gaither Hahn, as assistant director of the proposed hospital, took on the job of rounding up beds, blankets, sheets, wool for hot packs, washing machines, all the many pieces of equipment needed in a polio hospital. Respirators must be found; hydrotherapy tanks would be needed.

A staff skilled in treating polio had to be gathered. First, Dr. Robert L. Bennett hurried to Hickory from Georgia Warm Springs Foundation. Later came Dr. Thomas Gucker and Dr. Philip Trommer, both from Philadelphia. From headquarters of the National Foundation in New York came assurance that skilled nurses, physiotherapists, and urgently-needed equipment would be found and sent to Hickory at once.

Everybody helped build and supply the hospital. Under hastily-installed floodlights carpenters worked through the night, changing the camp building into a two-ward, forty-bed hospital. Moore General Hospital for Army convalescents loaned forty hospital beds.

One store which was asked to supply fifty sheets gave 100, without charge. Other stores gave lamps, furniture, electric refrigerators. Near-by mills gave blankets, as well as remnants for hot packs. Lumber yards gave what lumber they had, then borrowed from supplies already sold, and gave that.

THE American Red Cross, in addition to recruiting nurses from all parts of the country, supplied from its local workrooms hospital gowns, masks, and caps.

The water company, the gas company, the fire department, the telephone company, all did what was needed, and more. The state Department of Education supplied a bus to take the nurses to and from their sleeping quarters in the town. Two respirators were on hand within a few hours.

Workmen, bringing their tools, asked to help; some of them were fathers of children sick with polio. Business and professional men assisted with the manual labor. Women cooked food in their own kitchens and took it to the hospital until a kitchen could be built and staffed. Some lent their treasured washing machines; others lent baby cribs. Yet, so many babies came to the hospital that the carpenters had to build still more cribs; half of all polio victims are under five years of age.

Parents and neighbors of stricken children brought fruit and vegetables. Some mothers stayed to be near their sick children and to help as practical nurses or in any way they could. Young girls volunteered as office workers. Thirty-two women prisoners were paroled by the governor to help with the housework.

When Hickory Emergency Infantile Paralysis Hospital opened its doors on June 24, fifty-four hours after the idea had been conceived, workmen were still busy in one ward while the children were being placed in the other. Dr. Bennett examined and admitted the first patients, advised on their care. The orthopedic nursing consultant for the state Crippled Children's Bureau was there with two nurses from the state Health Department. Dr. Whims and his three staff assistants worked all night, setting up beds in the wards, cleaning floors, sterilizing equipment.

Weeks of work had been accomplished at Hickory in those three days through good planning, co-operation, and desperate necessity. Everybody continued to pitch in all summer as more polio cases arrived and more bed space had to be added to the hospital.

At the end of the first week the hospital had forty-five patients and thirty-three nurses. By August 15 there were 170 beds, a staff of 120 nurses and eleven physiotherapists, besides the staff of doctors. Gus Valdemar had come from the Children's Hospital at Denver, Colorado, to take charge of the physiotherapy treatment; hydrotherapy tanks designed by him were built by local workers. Dr. Edward Piszczek, who had helped handle the Chicago polio epidemic in 1943, was borrowed to help at Hickory. The U. S. Public Health Service, which is always on hand during any serious epidemic, sent Major D. J. Davis.

By November 1 the hospital had a total of 250 beds. The people of Catawba and surrounding counties had raised the \$62,000 cash needed for the construction and furnishing of the hospital. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis had contributed \$390,000, with the end not in sight. Local chapters of the Foundation had pooled part of their resources to provide an emergency polio fund of \$57,000. Held in reserve for continuing care were state and federal funds provided by the Crippled Children's Service of the U. S. Children's Bureau.

What happened at Hickory affords some idea of the polio epidemic of 1944. It was the second largest in history, with some 20,000 cases, an estimate based on U. S. Public Health reports of 18,885 cases through December 2.

The epidemic followed the usual pattern. A few isolated cases appeared early in June. More and more followed, until the peak was reached in the week ending September 2, when there were 1,690 new cases. The next week 1,487 new cases were recorded, and there were fewer each succeeding week. By the time you read this article the 1944 epidemic will have come to a halt. May or June will bring the first increase in new cases for 1945.

BESIDES North Carolina, the epidemic hit hard in New York State, particularly around Buffalo, in and around Elmira and Corning; in neighboring Tioga County, Pennsylvania; in and around Louisville, Kentucky; and in Detroit and Pittsburgh. New Jersey, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Massachusetts were also affected.

Most places, it is true, were better prepared than rural and thinly-populated Catawba County. In every state today there is a Health or Welfare Department with some plan for dealing with such an epidemic. Local chapters of the National Foundation have equipment in reserve, as they did in North Carolina. Through the National Foundation it is possible for any state to receive emergency funds for hospital and medical care, and to locate urgently-needed doctors, nurses, physiotherapists, and equipment. Every state has some funds of its own for such a purpose, including federal monies and those raised by volunteer organizations.



PHOTO COURTESY NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Hydrotherapy for an infantile paralysis victim at Hickory, North Carolina. This hospital with all facilities was made ready in three days when epidemic struck last June.

It was different in 1916, when the worst polio epidemic ever known struck the country: 27,621 reported cases. Little attention had been given to preparing for epidemics or helping crippled children. There had never previously been a severe epidemic of infantile paralysis in this country. There was no National Foundation, no Crippled Children's Service within the federal government. Nobody knew what to do or where to turn. Parents moved from house to house, from street to street, from town to town, trying to save their children.

At present we know a great deal more about this ancient disease, which dates at least from early Egyptian days. Although no cure or method of prevention has yet been found, research workers are on the trail of both. They are very careful not to announce their findings prematurely, lest they prove unwarranted.

Scientists are trying to discover exactly how the virus enters the body and reaches the spinal cord. It was once thought that the virus could be found only in the nasal passages, where it entered the body through the olfactory nerve. But today we know that the virus is found in the intestines and throat not only of infantile paralysis victims but of well persons, too.

We know that many well persons never contract the disease, or that they have it in such a mild form that it goes un-

recognized, yet carry the virus and perhaps infect others. It is thought by some scientists that the great majority of us have had infantile paralysis in this mild form and believed it to be only a cold or a stomach upset.

Research workers seek to learn why so many persons are immune when the virus is found so widely—in sewage, for example. Is nutrition a factor? They want to know how the virus gets from one person to another. Is the housefly the chief culprit? They are experimenting with many drugs—more than 250 so far—to find one that may lessen paralysis, one that may even cure the disease. They are trying to develop a vaccine or serum that will prevent it. Infantile paralysis, like other virus diseases such as influenza and virus pneumonia, does not respond to the sulfa drugs or to penicillin.

THESE are only a few of the many problems of research on polio. Altogether, more than fifty institutions are carrying on this research, much of it paid for by the contributions you make during the annual drive for funds in connection with the President's birthday.

Although research cannot yet tell how to cure or to prevent polio, the modern methods of treatment, based upon the famous Kenny method, do seem to lessen, perhaps sometimes to prevent, the cripp-

pling aftereffects. There is still controversy in the medical profession, but it is centered mainly on Sister Kenny's concept of what causes paralysis, rather than on the methods of treatment. The use of heat in the form of wet packs during the acute stage, followed by an early use of physiotherapy, is employed wherever skilled technicians and nurses can be found, although there are not nearly enough such workers.

This year the National Foundation is financing scholarships at several recognized institutions for the training of physicians, physiotherapists, nursing specialists, and teachers of nursing. It is eager to have graduate nurses, or college graduates with twenty-six hours of science credit, apply to the American Physiotherapy Association, the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, or the National League for Public Health Nursing. The modern method requires a great deal more expert nursing care and much more massage and other physiotherapy than the earlier method—still employed in some instances—of immobilizing the limbs by the use of splints.

Polio is not a public health problem in the sense that cancer, tuberculosis, the venereal and several other diseases are. Based on the average yearly case fatality rate of 5.7 per cent, the number of deaths
(Continued on page 59)

We Was Robbed!

A wounded soldier has a right to die happy, hasn't he? Not according to Mac, a rough, tough Dodger fan with a genius for rubbing people the wrong way



BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

MAC and I dived into the hole and lay flat in the mud with our faces down. There was another soldier a little ahead of us. He gave us a quick look, just to make sure we were Americans, and then he put his face down, too. I'd never heard so much shooting in my life.

After a few minutes Mac gave me the eye over his shoulder. I must have looked pretty bad. "Some partner I picked myself," he said. "Some partner."

That was Mac for you. Always rubbing a guy the wrong way. Like the lieutenant told him when he griped about not getting his stripes, Mac just didn't know how to handle men. He didn't know how to make them feel right. I looked at the bulk of his two hundred pounds and I hated his guts. What was he trying to do—make believe he wasn't scared?

Pretty soon I noticed the other Joe in the hole kept turning his head toward Mac; and Mac was sizing up this G. I. with a puzzled frown. He was big, this other soldier—almost as big and tough as Mac himself. Mac, who used to drive a moving van, had the muscles of a guy who could pick up a piano under his arm.

When the noise of the barrage eased down a bit he looked me over again. "Well, well," he said. "Still alive, huh?"

"I'm hanging on," I said.

He squinted across the hole at the other guy. "How you doing, handsome?"

The "handsome" was pure Mac; a word thrown in to make a man bristle. But this Joe didn't bristle. He answered in a deep voice, "I'm O. K."

Mac frowned at him. "Funny," he said. "I got a feeling you and me have met up before."

"Uh-huh," the other guy said. "I been thinking the same thing. Can't place you, though. Where you from?"

"Brooklyn."

"Well, I been in Brooklyn once or twice," the Joe admitted. "But I'm a St. Louis man myself."

All of a sudden Mac lifted his head. He paid no attention to the shooting. His eyes were full of surprise. "Hey!" he cried. "I remember you now! Ebbets Field. The Dodgers were playing St. Louis. You're the guy pushed me in the face!"

The soldier from St. Louis raised his head out of the mud to give Mac a stare. "Well, I'll be damned," he said. "You're the guy took a swing at me!"

I felt like they were both running away from me, and I asked, "Hey, what goes on?"

Over his shoulder Mac gave me a grin that was kind of ugly. "Just an old pal of mine," he said. "Just one of the boys.

Last time we met was a day the Bums were trailing St. Louis in the eighth, and Bordagaray gets up and smashes himself one against the right-field fence. He slides into third, safe as can be, but the ump gets a fly in his eye and calls him out."

"He was out," the St. Louis man said.

A shell crashed about a hundred yards away, and we all ducked. When the shower was over Mac said, "Nuts. He was safe. Anybody with one eye could see it."

"Well, you sure beefed about it plenty," the man from St. Louis said.

"Why shouldn't I beef?" Mac asked.

"That ump was a robber. I just told him to get the hell out of Brooklyn as soon as he'd collected his bonus from St. Louis. I had a right to beef, didn't I? I paid for my ticket, and Bordagaray was safe."

"Out. Out a mile."

"Look, feller, if you want to argue—"

The other Joe turned his head to me now. He grinned. "Your pal here kept jumping up and waving his arms so's I couldn't even see the field. I was sitting right behind him. So I told him to pipe down. He got hot under the collar and told me to shut up. One thing led to another, and pretty soon I had to tell him that if he didn't pipe down I'd poke him in the face. He got sore, and next thing I knew I did have to poke him, and he swung back at me, and the ushers came and dragged him away. There wasn't any point to it, either. Bordagaray was out."

"Safe!" Mac roared. "He was—"

JUST then about a hundred shells and a hundred robots must have met in one grand collision over our heads, and we had steel and everything else spraying around us. A couple of fragments plopped in the mud right next to me. By the time I had the mud wiped out of my eyes I saw that the guy from St. Louis had got himself a wound.

He lay on his side, one hand grabbing his stomach. His face was white and twisted and he was biting into his lip.

Mac and I crawled over to him. We stripped his clothes away. It was a bad wound, all right, straight through the ribs. We spent about ten minutes fixing him up with sulfa and doing what we could, but it sure looked to me like St. Louis was losing a citizen.

When the guy opened his eyes, they were glazed. He stared right through us and started mumbling things. I guess he was only half conscious and he didn't know what he was saying, because he croaked, "Bordagaray was—out—out—"

Then he closed his eyes again.

I looked at Mac. He was tongue-tied.

He seemed kind of helpless. I knew the Joe from St. Louis was through, and I figured we might as well give him a break and let him pass out happy. So I said, "Sure, feller. Bordagaray was out. Mac was kidding. Bordagaray was way out."

That pleased the guy. You could see he felt he'd won his last argument. He smiled in a weak way and went limp all over. I could feel him slipping out from under our hands. There wasn't anything we could do to keep him alive. I was kind of glad I'd made his last minutes happier.

THEN all of a sudden Mac shoved me aside. His mouth was hard and he grabbed the guy by the shoulder and shook him.

"Listen, bud," he said, as harsh as a sergeant with a boil. "I saw that play! Bordagaray was safe. What the hell you so damned stubborn about? You make me feel like taking another swing at you!"

"Mac!" I cried. I caught his arm. "Mac for God's sake—"

"Shut up," he said, and he shoved me aside again. He went on talking to the wounded man, saying how much he'd like to take another sock at him.

And then the guy from St. Louis opened his eyes. The haze cleared out of them, leaving them narrow and angry as he glared at Mac. "A—a sock at me?" he said. He was hoarse now, but somehow he managed to push himself up on an elbow. "Oh, yeah? Y-you and who else?"

"Just me!" Mac said. "I ain't forgot that push in the face you gave me. When you're back on your feet I'll meet you any place you say and settle this!"

The wounded man pulled in a hard breath. "O. K., Brooklyn," he said. "Y-you're asking for it!"

I stared at him. He didn't seem to be dying any more. It was like Mac had made him too sore to die. He was fighting to stay alive now. He still had a grudge to settle. I saw Mac had given him a terrific shot in the arm and I knew it was going to keep the guy living.

Then I stared at Mac. He was crawling away. His face was still tough, but the muscles in it were working. After a minute I went after him.

"Gee, Mac," I whispered. "Gee, that—that was all right. I guess maybe I was a fool—talking to him the way I did—"

"You were a dope!" Mac said. "What did you want to do—kill the guy?" His words hurt and I had to wince. But that was Mac for you, all over again. Always rubbing a guy the wrong way, never knowing how to make him feel right.

THE END



"Hey!" he cried. "I remember you now! Ebbets Field. The Dodgers were playing St. Louis. You're the guy pushed me in the face!"

Bombers Over Japan

BY MORRIS MARKEY

THE bombing of Japan is well under way. Even as I write, the B-29 Superfortresses are flying over Tokyo again and again. Now we can examine the meaning of this bombardment, and three simple facts emerge at once: (1) Tokyo can be more thoroughly destroyed from the air than any other great city of the world. (2) The Japanese are fully aware of this, and have exerted themselves to the utmost to protect themselves with anti-aircraft defense. (3) The destruction will greatly hasten our victory—but even the total ruin of Tokyo is not likely to spell the end of the Pacific war.

If we are able to lay upon Tokyo the weight of bombs that was laid upon Berlin in any half dozen of our great mass raids there, then Tokyo will simply cease to exist. It is that sort of city. Let's take a look at it—or, rather, let's take a look at the Japanese industrial empire, of which Tokyo is the key.

All industrial production in Japan proper is concentrated in eight cities. Besides Tokyo and its port of Yokohama, they are Osaka and Kyoto and Kobe, Nagoya,

Nagasaki, Fukuoka, and Yawata. All these cities are within air-line distance of one another, no farther than from New York to Washington. A fast bomber could fly over all of them in succession within the space of an hour. And each has about the same physical characteristics as Tokyo itself.

The downtown, central section of Tokyo is of fairly modern and permanent construction. There are buildings of steel and stone, some of which were especially designed to resist earthquakes. Along the water fronts and at the outskirts of all the industrial cities there are rather well-built chemical and steel plants, airplane factories and shipyards and foundries. All of these particular areas may be expected to endure bombardment about as well as could, say, the business and industrial districts of Boston or Seattle.

But the people who must man these plants and offices do not live as do the people of Boston or Seattle. Great sprawling Tokyo (the type of all Japanese cities) is the most formidable firetrap on all the earth. Its seven million people, rich and

poor alike, live in the flimsiest houses it is possible to imagine. With very rare exceptions, the building materials are light wood and paper and straw matting. Generally speaking, the difference between rich and poor homes is a matter of size and the amount of open space surrounding them.

Nowhere else, not even in the slum districts of Edinburgh or the lower East Side of New York, are people so densely crowded together as in the slums of Tokyo. And three fourths of the city is slum. The dun-colored little houses, each joined directly to its neighbor, cover thousands of acres. Looking down upon them from any high place, it is almost impossible to distinguish streets, for many of the streets are so narrow that three men could not walk abreast in them.

Even in the calmest days of peace the Japanese of the cities live in constant dread of fire. For 70 per cent of the streets of Tokyo are too narrow to permit the passage of horse-drawn firefighting equipment, to say nothing of motorized equipment. The defense against fire consists chiefly of a series of observation towers—one within every half-mile square. These are manned every moment of the day and night by watchers who are pro-

What bombing Japan's vulnerable cities can contribute to victory—and what it cannot



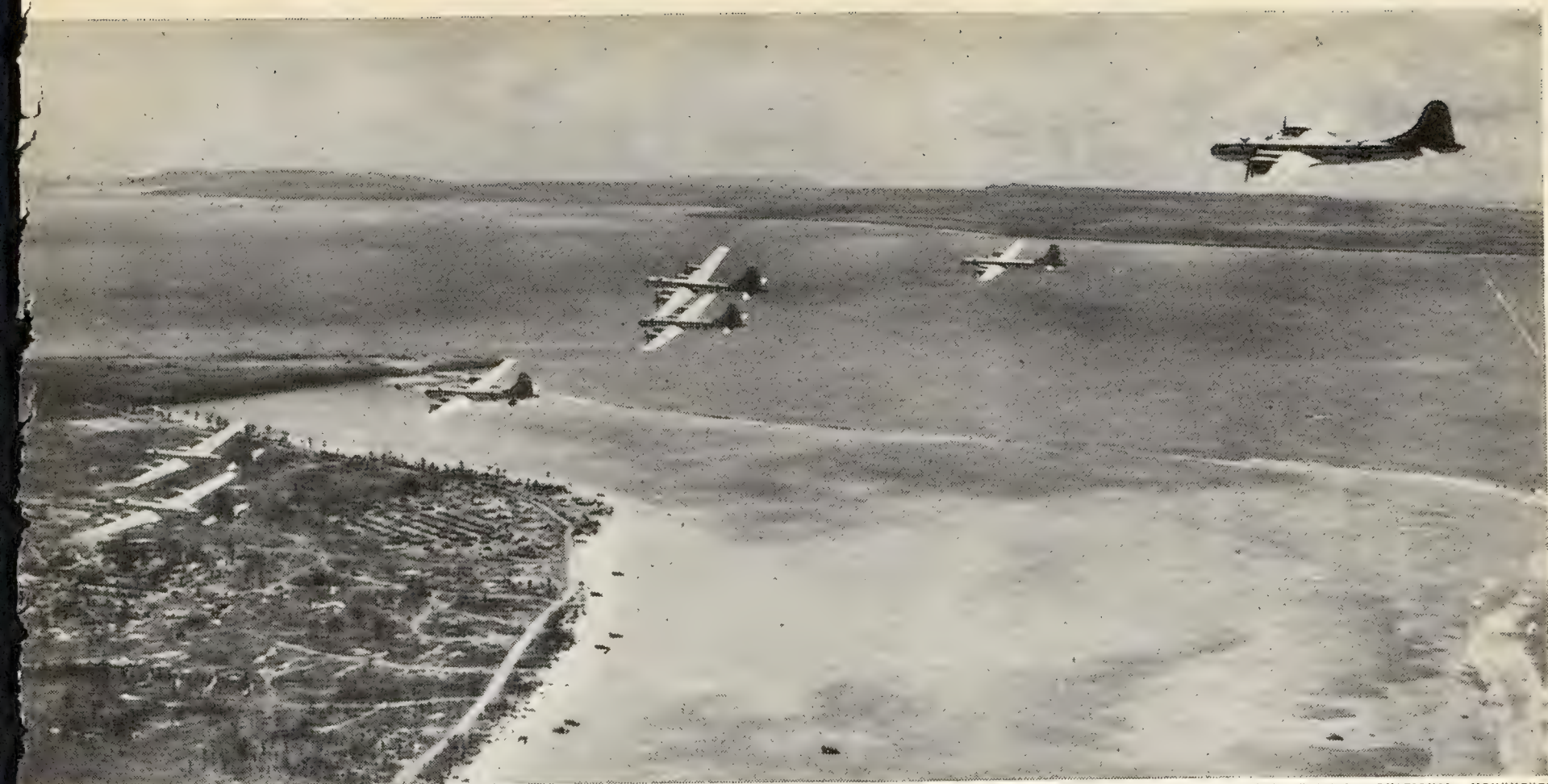
Though Tokyo has fireproof buildings, most of its houses are firetraps.

vided with telephones. At the very first puff of smoke from a broken charcoal brazier or an overturned lamp, indeed at the very first sign of undue commotion or excitement, the watchers sound the warning. Whole neighborhoods drop whatever they are doing or rouse themselves instantly from sleep, to haul water pumps mounted on handcarts through the narrow ways, to form bucket brigades, to hustle children and valuables to safety. For nearly everywhere in the residential sections of Tokyo, a fire given a five-minute start means a holocaust.

Tokyo has had its terrible fires—the worst of them started by earthquakes. Its people know full well that these calamities totally disrupt and paralyze industrial production, for what workman will report to his bench when his home and all his possessions are gone, when food warehouses have been lost to the flames, when his wife and children have nowhere to lay their heads? The Japanese know, too, that we are aware of such things, for more than once American charity, the American Red Cross in particular, has come to their aid in time of such profound distress. They accept it now as a matter of course that our chief weapon against them is not the demolition bomb but the incendiary bomb, of which thousands can be dropped by a single Superfortress. That is why they have evacuated from their cities all the very young and the very old, the feeble, and many of the women—11,000,000 all told, according to their own radio announcements picked up by FCC monitors. All who are left in the cities are people who can work and produce—if we permit them to.

That is why, too, they have set up anti-aircraft defenses which are certainly the most powerful they could devise—perhaps the most powerful in the world.

They knew the B-29 (or whatever high-



PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL, MONKMEYER

Over their Saipan base are B-29s whose destruction of Jap war industry is another step in our Pacific strategy.

altitude bomber we might develop) would eventually be over their vulnerable cities. So they perfected antiaircraft guns with extreme ranges. They produced at least a limited number of high-altitude fighter planes. But these last must be built by hand, with care and time. Obviously there were not enough of them to interfere seriously with our first, testing raids from Saipan.

You will remember, of course, what happened on the very first of the assaults. Our Superfortresses went in over Tokyo at very high altitude. Some flak got up to their level, but at the great distance it was woefully inaccurate. The pilots reported scores of Japanese fighter planes up from the fields, but stuck at altitudes thousands of feet below the B-29 formations—totally unable to come any higher. Perhaps a half dozen specially-built Zeros made it up to the heights. One of them caused our only casualty over the battle area. From the best accounts available, it crashed into one B-29 and both planes fell in flames.

It would appear, then, that our best hope is to go in very high. And it must be remembered that our closest airdrome to Tokyo—now that the reverses in China have cost us launching points there—is on the island of Saipan. Saipan is 1,500 miles from the target. An attack from there is equal to a round-trip nonstop flight, with bombs and fuel, from Denver to Baltimore and back—and is a flight over the sea, in treacherous weather. Of course we have no fighter-protector planes equal to such a mission. The big bombers must protect themselves (which they are perfectly capable of doing) and also must solve constant and difficult problems of navigation. You may remember that one formation of the first assault wave never did find Tokyo at all.

Furthermore, halfway between Saipan and Tokyo the Japanese have a fighter-plane base of their own, Iwo-jima in the Volcano Islands. We punish it frequently, but we cannot—at least, not at this writing—spare the time or men to capture it, and so our B-29 missions have been avoiding it.

There is always the possibility that we may supplement the B-29 assaults with attacks from the decks of our great carrier fleet; that we might produce a large-scale repetition of the token Doolittle raid. Upon the face of it, that would seem reckless. Certainly the carrier-based aircraft can reach no such protective altitudes as the B-29s attain. They would be engaged by all the antiaircraft batteries, all the home-based fighters that the Japanese have established against such an eventuality. To bring our carrier-based planes within range we would have to move our carrier fleet to within about 300 miles of Tokyo, and bring it under the fire of land-based bombers and torpedo planes.

With any serious thinking, that would seem indeed a desperate risk to take. Yet it must be remembered that everywhere we have met the Japanese they have been weaker than we ever calculated (except for the land operations on Saipan itself). They make the most incredible mistakes. It may be that a carrier operation against Japan proper is in the making as I write, but in the meantime it looks as if the job were for the Superfortresses.

Is the job worth it from the military point of view?

To find the answer to that question you must realize that the destruction of Tokyo and the other Japanese industrial cities is not for the simple purpose of spreading terror and death in the German tradition. You must understand the rather curious facts of Japanese war industry.

Japanese war industry is not a matter, essentially, of great plants and factories such as the nations of the Western World have established. About 60 per cent of war matériel is fabricated in those very slums, in homes principally, but also in small factories surrounded by homes.

If you could walk into one of the slum dwellings today, you would enter a wretched evil-smelling shack. In the center there would be a charcoal fire in a clay bucket—the only heat while the weather outside is at the freezing level and an icy rain is falling. Squatting upon the floor and bending over low work benches would be a dozen or perhaps a score of old men and women and children still short of their

teens. Amid a constant flood of talk they would be working swiftly on airplane instruments, carburetor parts, radio tubes, small parts of bombsights—any of a thousand things to fit into their war-making machine. This is Japanese production.

People make things, often infinitesimal parts of things, in the twisting alleys of the slums. Their product is then delivered to small subassembly plants which, for the very large part, are also in slum areas. And finally the completed items, entire carburetors or machine guns or gyro mechanisms, are delivered to a few large plants and put into their proper places in planes or tanks or motorized gun carriers.

Thus, as the slums of the Japanese cities are put to the torch of the incendiary bomb, war production in Japan proper will be stifled at the very roots. As the slums flame up, heavy demolition bombs will be laid upon the limited number of electric-generating plants, upon the final assembly plants and the shipyards and the ironworks.

BUT will this win the war for us? Will the ruin of Japanese home industry knock Japan out of the fight? The rather reluctant answer is, probably not.

The desolation of Japan from the air is essential, not to spread terror but to deprive the Japanese Army and Navy of essential supplies. The killing of women and children in a blaze of fire is not an attractive thought for any of us in this country—particularly since none of our own women and children have been bombed. But the sight of 3,500 graves of American sailors on the slopes of Aiea Hill in Hawaii, the victims of December 7, 1941, eases the conscience upon that point. We must do the unpleasant job of destruction because it is necessary for the final victory. But the victory itself is not likely to be produced thereby.

That is because the Japanese have already transferred a very large part of their war industry to Manchuria—or Manchukuo, as they prefer to call it.

We do not know just how much of it they have transferred. Some estimates run as high as 50 per cent, and the removal has been accelerated in late months. The

(Continued on page 55)

CHARLIE BULL FIDDLE

Works it Out

BY DAY KEENE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THAT morning it had rained, but not enough to slow the bus. The afternoon had been hot and dry. Since leaving Chicago, Charlie had sat staring out the window.

He had taken off his shoes before the bus had started. His blue serge suit was food- and liquor-spotted. Since leaving Pittsburgh he had worn his new celluloid collar in his pocket.

At Muskegon, Cliff Mears, the local driver, had stalled as long as he had dared in the hope that Charlie might be on the incoming bus.

His sallow face lighted with pleasure when he saw him. "No, sir," Mears informed the loungers in the station, "it isn't every day that a man gets a chance to ride the father of a hero, a man who has just shook the hand of the President himself."

He transferred Charlie's slim bag to the upcountry bus and asked the dispatcher to call Trilby for him and tell the girl in Walker's drugstore that old Charlie was on his bus. The dispatcher said that he would, but for him to get rolling.

Shortly after the bus crossed the swamplands north of Muskegon, night closed down on the highway.

To the old Indian, on the high front seat beside Mears, the familiar dark brought Johnny back more clearly than anything else had done.

The Big White Chief had made much talk about Sergeant Johnny Bull Fiddle. But Charlie would always remember him as Little Boy Who Likes the Dark.

The big-eyed owls that perched in the maple bush had been Johnny's friends. He had known the wild things that came out only at night. His first gesture had been to stretch his small copper-colored hands toward the night-darkened doorway of the hogan. So they had named him.

Mears' voice droned on. "Yes, sir, Charlie. It's an honor to the county. And you should be mighty proud. Yes, sir."

Proud because his only son was dead? The old man fingered the bit of ribbon and metal in his pocket, then drank from the pint bottle the colored redcap in the Chicago bus station had purchased for him.

He knew what he intended to do. In the

white man's Bible it was stated plainly that an eye must be given for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. It followed that a life must be given for a life.

"A shame that Effie couldn't go with you," Mears continued. "She's mighty good-looking for a squaw. And women always enjoy such doin's."

Effie. That would be Tinkling Laughter, Johnny's wife, who could not obey the summons of the Man Who Calls You My Friend because she was big with child. Johnny had been fruitful. He had begotten two boys in four years and had started another. Now the child that he would never see would cut its milk teeth on his medal.

Awarded in the name of Congress for gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty.

Duty to whom? Men such as Mears, who called his wife a squaw and who described the tribute paid to his departure to the spiritland as 'doin's'? Or to a Congress which had robbed and legislated against his race, which had waited more than one hundred and fifty years to confer full citizenship on men who rightfully owned the continent?

A shoe on the right rear tire of the bus worked loose and beat a litany on the pavement—*Little Boy Who Likes the Dark is dead.*

Berry, Whitehall, Montague, New Era passed in a blur of lights. A few passengers got off. A few got on. Mears re-

Her eyes filled with tears. "I—I was hoping you'd show it to me, Charlie."



peated his set speech to all newcomers. "Mr. Jones, I'd like you to know Charlie Bull Fiddle. He's a mighty distinguished man. You read about him in the papers likely. You know, he's the father of Sergeant Johnny Bull Fiddle, the Indian boy who killed all them Nazis. Got a Congressional Medal of Honor, post-humous, he did. And the government paid Charlie's fare all the way to Washington and back so they could pin it on him."

A few of the passengers tried to shake hands. The Indian ignored them. Now they wanted to shake hands. But when Johnny had wanted to go to high school, they had called him a dirty little Indian. It had only been Sheriff Paige's hammering at the school board that had earned him permission to learn. Even then, when the boys had played other teams at football, the boys and girls in the stands of both schools had shouted:

"Take him out. Kill the Indian!"

Charlie hoped they were satisfied.

"It'll be different now, dad," Johnny had told him when he had returned from the agricultural college that Sheriff Paige had insisted he attend. "I'm going to show them. Sure a lot of folks are down on Indians. They have reason to be. A lot of Indians are dirty and shiftless. They won't do a lick of work if they have a few pipefuls of tobacco, a sack of flour, and a side of bacon in their hogan."

Charlie nipped at his bottle. He had never been able to follow Johnny's line of reasoning. If a man had food, shelter, and tobacco, what more could he wish for? What reason was there to work? He tamped his penny corn cob and began to lay plans.

After he had killed Sheriff Paige, he would take Tinkling Laughter, her unborn child, and the two boys to a spot that he remembered on the upper penin-

The white man's Bible says, "A life for a life." So the old Indian sought vengeance for his son, dead in his country's service. As it turned out, vengeance was never more aptly wreaked

sula and return to the ways of his fathers. The Fordson could rust in the shed. Mice could inhabit the trim white farmhouse. Yes, and the stubborn lower forty, where Johnny had insisted he could grow the best corn in the county if it was properly manured, could go back to sand and thistles.

High in the upper peninsula the woods were still filled with game. There was wild rice in the marshes and plump fish in the streams. Maple sap still rose and hollow trees were still storehouses of honey.

The problem would be Tinkling Laughter. Charlie considered his daughter-in-law. She thought as white women thought. She sapped the boys' strength with weekly baths. She had even suggested he bathe.

She and Johnny had lived as white men and women lived. They had made great plans for the boys. Then the Man Who Smells His Mustache had made trouble. There had been no rest in the house from the moment that someone called Japanese



Tinkling Laughter was backed into a corner. "I'm sorry, father," she said. "I didn't dare to call out. They said they would kill the boys."

had sunk some boats in a faraway place named Pearl Harbor.

Little Boy Who Likes the Dark had argued, "Can't you understand, dad? This is *our* country. Maybe we're only poor relations now, but some day we're going to be big chiefs again and sit on the tribal councils. But we have to *prove* ourselves worthy."

"Why, I couldn't breathe free a minute if other men went to war to fight to protect my boys and I stayed home."

Charlie sucked at his bottle. Now Johnny was dead. It all went back to Sheriff Paige. If the sheriff hadn't put ideas into Johnny's head, they would still be living in a hogan and Johnny would be alive to fish and hunt.

"Just you wait till we get in," Mears told the other passengers. "The mayor, and the Legion, and the Boy Scout band are all turning out to welcome Charlie home. Yes, sir. His boy being killed and gettin'

a medal like he did is a mighty big honor to the county."

Charlie Bull Fiddle stirred uneasily. He'd had all the reception he wanted. Besides, he had business to attend to.

A mile from town, when the bus had come to a full stop before crossing the railroad tracks, he stood up.

"Get off now," he told Mears.

Mears protested they were a full mile from town and that the mayor and the band would be waiting.

"Get off now," the Indian repeated.

He lurched slightly as he descended. By the time he had taken a half dozen strides the night had swallowed him.

Mears closed the door, disgusted. "Now that's a pretty. You'd think the damn drunken stinking old Indian would have some consideration when his fellow town-folks go to pains to do him honor."

Kipley, the creamery manager, asked if Mears had known the sergeant well.

"Did I know him well?" Mears expanded. "I played football with him. Trickiest brown devil you ever see. He used to run rings around us."

He meshed the gears savagely, wondering what he would tell the reception committee. It all just went to show you that you couldn't trust an Indian.

UNDER Charlie Bull Fiddle's feet the earth was sweet and freshly plowed. Johnny's land still lay fallow. It would never be plowed again.

Charlie crossed the creek onto Paige land and stared up the narrow lane. In a way, he regretted that he had to kill the sheriff. Sheriff Paige had been good to his boy. Still, the white man's Bible was plain. A life must be taken for a life. And if Sheriff Paige had not put ideas into his mind, Johnny would be alive.

Charlie finished his bottle in the barn-
(Continued on page 60)

The Camera Eye



Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



SUPERFORT SIZZLES—Aviation engineers prevent the spread of flames from a burning Superfortress on Saipan after a Jap low-level attack. The driver of the bulldozer, hunched against the blistering heat, is moving in to throw dirt on the fire, which was soon checked.



TANK GETS A TOW—Believe it or not, this Army Ordnance truck is towing, not pushing, a German Tiger tank in Geilenkirchen. You can see the driver at what appears to be the wrong end; and, below him, the inevitable pin-up girl.



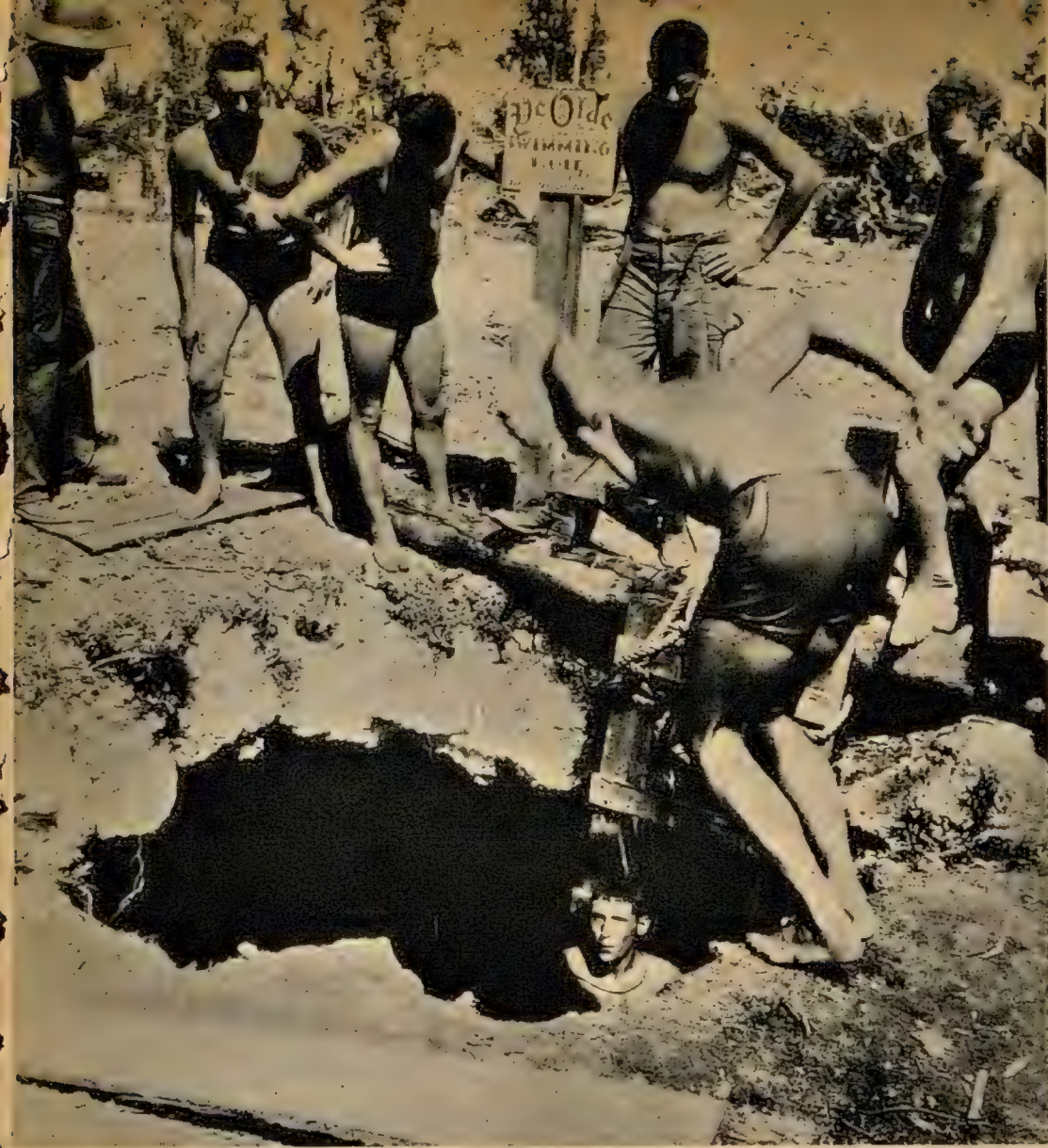
TAKE YOUR BASE!—Any umpire would give the decision in favor of Miami model Laura O'Banion as she displays this new fashion piece, a dress patterned after a baseball suit.

DR. KILDARE—Playing in real life a role far stranger than any of his film parts, Corporal Lew Ayres, refusing to fight or kill, tends to the wounded instead. He is bandaging captured Japs on Leyte Island in the Philippines.

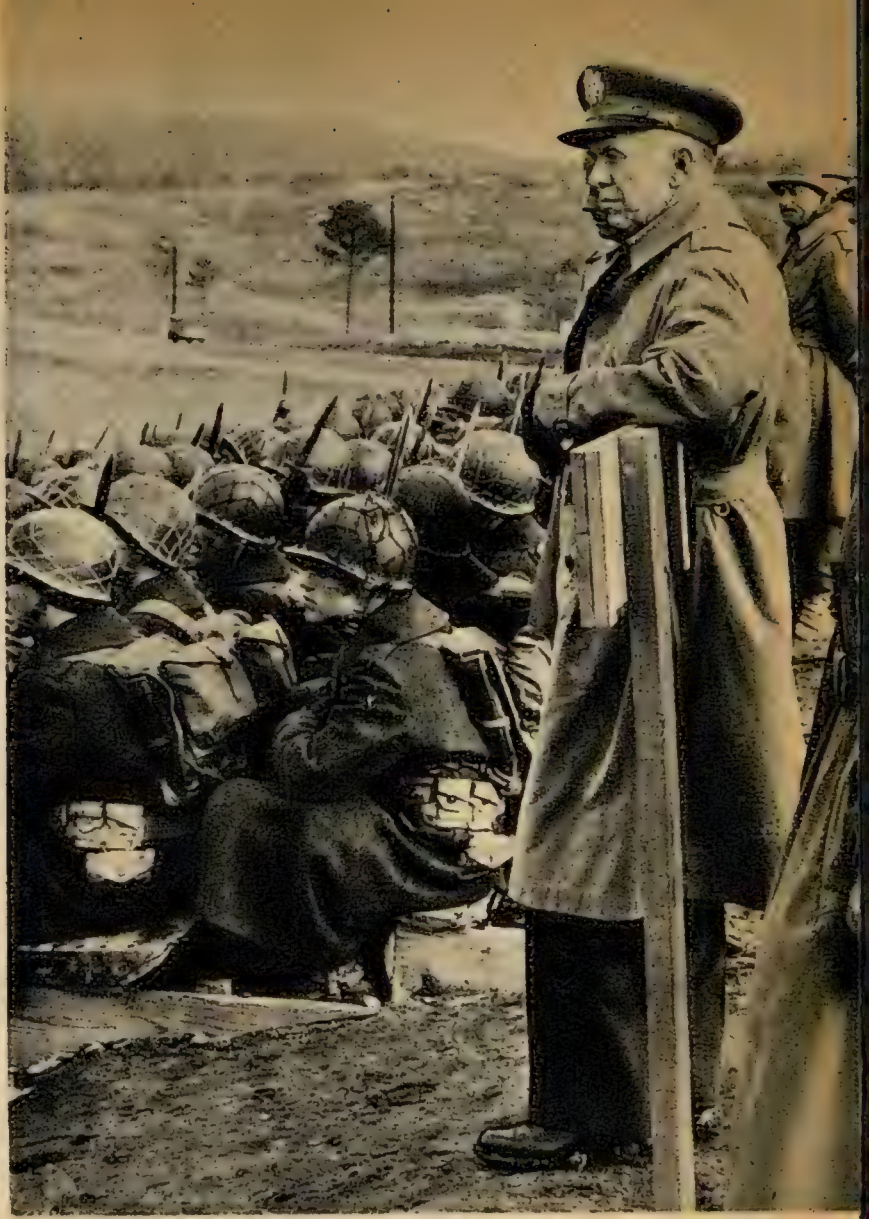


GOOD NEIGHBORS—Friends of Wylie D. Saunders of Framingham, Mass., build a room where he can do machine-shop work. A discharged soldier, Saunders lost both legs in a train accident.





BAREFOOT BOYS—A lot of memories were revived for many of these G. I.s when they found an underground swimmin' hole on one of the islands in the Palau group. Diving through the hole takes a certain skill.



THE CHIEF FINDS OUT THE SCORE—Frosty-gazed General George C. Marshall was a keen judge during combat rifle practice he witnessed while visiting Fort McClelland, Alabama.



JUSTICE, OF SOME SORT—To Alice Holland, welder at the Todd Shipyards, Brooklyn, fell this recent and pleasant task of reconversion. The bust of Hitler under her torch was melted down to make a cuspidor as a bond-selling stunt.



SPARE A GAS STAMP?—Rush it to the students of St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn., who have voted polka-dotted Chili Williams, Hollywood starlet, the girl they would most like to have in a parked car.



"I don't feel sorry for you," Judy said. "I feel sorry for myself, for the whole damned town." She was almost crying.

WELCOME BACK TO ASHTON

By Sam Oliver

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

The Garden Club made plans to readjust servicemen and, by gosh, intended to use them—particularly on Sergeant Joe, the first man back. But Judy, just nineteen, had other ideas. So, it developed, had Joe

MRS. BARNETT, who'd invited the committee to meet at her place before going to the station, poured tea from an antique silver service. Miss Curry slipped a sheaf of papers from her briefcase and spread them on the coffee table. Mrs. Foreman, always awed by Mrs. Barnett's living room, was trying to guess the cost of the new rattan furniture she glimpsed on the sun porch.

"Our first case is very important," Mrs. Barnett said, sliding a coaster under the glass of water Mrs. Foreman had put on the end table.

"It will give us a chance to iron the kinks out of our organizational machinery," Miss Curry said. Miss Curry taught filing and business English at the Ashton School for Secretaries, and was fond of heavy administrative phrases.

"Mr. Barnett tells me the sergeant worked at the silk mill before he went into service," Mrs. Barnett said.

"My daughter says he used to play football," Mrs. Foreman said, easing the glass and coaster to one side and taking a furtive swipe with her handkerchief at the damp ring on the table.

"It's all in the record," Miss Curry said, holding up the file folder labeled HARTLEY, JOSEPH. "He finished high school in 1939, then worked in the silk mill a year before he went into service. His father worked at the mill for twenty-two years before he died, last year. His mother lives in the East Bottoms."

"Caroline says he played football," Mrs. Foreman said, the words popping out before she realized she was repeating herself.

"He was born May 28, 1921, entered Ashton High in 1935, played football and basketball, and was president of the senior class."

"And he was arrested in April, 1938, for fighting."

"Arrested?" Mrs. Barnett's hand froze on the silver teapot.

"He had a fight with Otto Finch," Miss Curry said. "Judge Orme gave them both a good talking-to and let it go at that."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Barnett said. "I hope he won't turn out to be difficult."

Mrs. Barnett was worried about the first case, because the whole program was her idea, and she had high hopes for it. Early that summer, at the first meeting of the Garden Club, Mrs. Barnett had proposed that the club appoint a Veterans' Adjustment Committee to help local boys, discharged from the service, find jobs and readjust themselves to what Mrs. Barnett had called "a normal and useful life in the community."

The club had elected Mrs. Barnett chairman, not only because it was her idea, but also because her husband owned the silk mill and, presumably, could hand out a great many jobs. Miss Curry was automatically named secretary of the committee (she'd been club secretary for nearly ten years), and Mrs. Foreman was appointed to contact employers. What Mrs. Barnett had in the back of her mind was to perform such a spectacular service in Ashton that a state-wide and later a national organization would be set up, with herself at the head.

"Just in case you all want to get into the files sometime when I'm not here," Miss Curry said, "I'll explain the way the system works. This folder is marked A-8-44-1. The A stands for Army, and 8-44 stands for August 1944, and the 1 means that this is our first Army case. Now say we get our first Navy case next month—that would be N-9-44-1."

"Why don't you just number all the cases 1, 2, 3, 4?" Mrs. Foreman said.

"What kind of system would that be?" Miss Curry said.

Judy Barnett bounced into the room, a long-legged girl with coppery-gold hair, blue eyes, and a richly-curved figure. She had on a tan sweater and skirt, and Miss Curry couldn't help thinking that Mrs.

Barnett should speak to Judy about sweaters.

"Can I have the roadster for a couple hours?" Judy asked her mother.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Barnett said. "Summers is driving us in the sedan."

Judy popped out of the house.

"I think we'd better go on down to the station now," Mrs. Barnett said.

Mrs. Foreman fiddled awkwardly with her hat, then followed Miss Curry out to the driveway, where Summers was waiting with the car. Mrs. Foreman was glad to be outside again, where she could breathe, but, in its way, Mrs. Barnett's sedan was as awesome as her house.

MR. DIETZ, the station agent at Ashton, was standing in front of the schedule blackboard at the depot when the three women clambered out of Mrs. Barnett's car. Mr. Dietz was chalking up a big OT opposite the Southern local.

"Who you meeting?" Mr. Dietz said.

"A friend," Mrs. Barnett said. She saw no reason for explaining everything to Mr. Dietz. The Garden Club had been trying for six years to do something about the trail of tobacco juice Mr. Dietz left on the depot floor from his ticket window to the men's room, then outside to the blackboard and, in winter, to the big iron stove in the middle of the waiting room.

"Sure likes to keep things to herself," Mr. Dietz muttered. His jaw began to swell out on one side, and his brown tobacco-colored eyes swept the depot platform.

"Now, when he gets off the train," Mrs. Barnett said, "Summers will carry his bags to the car, and I'll take care of the introductions. Then we'll drive him home, and we'll arrange for him to come to the club tomorrow for an interview."

"We should keep a record of each interview in the files," Miss Curry said.

"There'll be five of us in the car, counting Summers," Mrs. Barnett said. "The sergeant will sit in back with Miss Curry and myself, and Irene will sit up front

with Summers." She turned to Mrs. Foreman, asking sweetly, "Is that all right with you, dear?"

"Of course," Mrs. Foreman said. She hadn't wanted to serve on the committee with Mrs. Barnett in the first place, but she had two boys in the service, and the club had insisted, so she'd given in, but she'd known all along it would end like this. With Mrs. Barnett, it couldn't end any other way.

"Look cheerful," Mrs. Barnett said, when they heard the train whistle blowing at the South Fork trestle.

Two men with leather briefcases got off the train first, then a middle-aged woman with three children. They could see the sergeant waiting for the others to get off the train. He was leaning on a cane.

"See the cane," Mrs. Barnett whispered to Miss Curry. "It makes you realize how important this work is."

The sergeant stepped down gingerly, placing his weight on his good foot, then lowering the other, balancing himself on his cane.

"Sergeant Hartley," Mrs. Barnett said, elbowing past Miss Curry and Mrs. Foreman, "welcome back to Ashton."

The sergeant smiled absently, mumbling his thanks, while his eyes anxiously searched the depot platform. He frowned, and as the three women began to close around him he drew back, with the look of a frightened child lost in a circus crowd. Suddenly the frown smoothed away and his eyes brightened. He broke out into a grin. He hobbled past Mrs. Barnett.

A plump gray woman, round as a snow man, was hurrying down the platform toward him. She had on a black voile dress and a black straw hat with a cluster of artificial flowers. Judy Barnett swung along beside her.

"Mom!" The sergeant's arms were around the short plump figure. Tears dribbled down Mrs. Hartley's red-apple cheeks.

"Why, Judy," Mrs. Barnett whispered, drawing her daughter to one side, "I didn't know you were coming."

"I thought somebody should drive Mrs. Hartley down to meet the train," Judy said.

"We should have thought of that," Mrs. Foreman said.

Mrs. Barnett flashed a stern shushing glance at Mrs. Foreman, but Mrs. Foreman held her ground. They should have thought of the sergeant's mother.

Judy introduced her mother and Miss Curry and Mrs. Foreman to the sergeant and Mrs. Hartley. Mrs. Barnett said she was awfully glad to see the sergeant back home, and that she represented a committee of the Garden Club which was anxious to help him get readjusted.

"Get what?" the sergeant said.

"Readjusted," Mrs. Barnett said.

The sergeant thanked her and said he thought he could do his own readjusting.

"We want to do what we can to help," Mrs. Barnett said.

The sergeant, one arm around his mother, his other hand holding his cane, limped toward the roadster. Judy was opening the back of the car, and Summers was putting the sergeant's bags in the trunk.

"Friend didn't show up?" Mr. Dietz said, leaning in the doorway.

Mrs. Barnett didn't bother answering.

THAT night Judy played battleship with her father in the library while her mother presided over a special meeting of the Veteran's Adjustment Committee in the living room.

"Did you drive Mrs. Hartley down to meet Joe?" Mr. Barnett asked.

Judy nodded.

(Continued on page 56)



The sergeant frowned, and as the three women began to close around him he drew back, with the look of a frightened child lost in a circus crowd.

BARNUM of BOXING

In fifty-two years Jimmy Johnston has managed 10,000 boxers in wholesale, retail, and job lots. His quick tongue is a weapon as potent as any of his fighters' punches

BY PAUL GARDNER

JAMES JOY JOHNSTON lives on the premise that truth may be stranger than fiction—but why take a chance? With this in mind he has managed, to his vast financial benefit, 10,000 boxers in wholesale, retail, and job lots during a working career of fifty-two years. In short, he has made the boxing world his oyster.

In his time, Johnston has extracted such fistic pearls as world champions Ted "Kid" Lewis, Johnny Dundee, Mike McTigue and Harry Greb, and such recent heavy-weight challengers as Abe Simon and Bob Pastor. Note the word challengers. The blue ribbon of the heavyweight championship has eluded him thus far.

But he still has hopes—at the age of sixty-nine. The short black-thatched Irishman, as spry and cocky as he is voluble, always has hopes. The latest of these is the South American heavyweight, Fernando "the Bull" Menichelli. And whatever happens to this chunk of Argentine beef, you may rest assured that Johnston will earn money with him.



Wise showman Jimmy Johnston makes actors of his boxers to draw more fans and money.

James Joy has spent several thousand dollars transplanting, feeding, and training Menichelli, and he doesn't do those things just to further the Good Neighbor policy. True, the Bull's first two fights in America hardly set the world on fire. He won the decision over Laurient Bouchard in ten, and then drew with Johnny White in the same number of rounds. He was long on heart but short on skill. But he had been built up so skillfully that he drew big houses. And therein lay the subtle Johnston touch.

Johnston is the nearest thing in the boxing world to the great Barnum of the circus world. Like Barnum, Johnston has the showman's flair for colorful importations, fantastic freaks, and the master's instinct for ballyhoo.

Consider Johnston's manipulations with Billy Daniels who worked his way over from Wales as a seaman to seek bouts in this country. Johnston glanced at Daniels' swarthy countenance, Roman nose, and glistening white teeth, and was duly inspired. He rushed to a five-and-ten, purchased a bandanna, tied some knots in it, and placed same on Daniels' head. Next he bought two curtain-pole rings and slipped them on the boxer's ears. Then he marched his man down Broadway and had photos taken.

To the press, Johnston announced that Gypsy Daniels could play a Hungarian

rhapsody if anybody would give him a fiddle. He declared that Gypsy's father was the King of the Gypsies at the foot of the mystic Rhondda Mountains in Wales and that there were nineteen children, of whom Gypsy was the oldest and, therefore, the Crown Prince.

The resultant publicity reached Wales, where the elder Daniels, a staid citizen of Cardiff, promptly disowned his son.

"He's bloody daft," announced the sober Welshman.

Years later, when Gypsy Daniels boxed in Germany, he flattened a young upstart named Max Schmeling. After the bout, the late famed sports writer Bill McGeehan came upon Gypsy drooped disconsolately in the dressing room.

McGeehan asked him why he was so unhappy.

"That blarsted Johnston," wailed Gypsy. "I've won some good fights all over Europe, but my father still won't let me come home because that blighter made me out to be a gypsy."

Another example of the master's showmanship was heavyweight Boer Rodel, a native of South Africa. When Rodel landed in America, Johnston dressed him in a secondhand Army overcoat and introduced him around as a hero of the Boer War. The newspaper boys bit. Only later did someone figure out that Rodel could not have been more than six at the time of the Boer War.

James Johnston came to America from Liverpool, England, with his parents at (Continued on page 72)



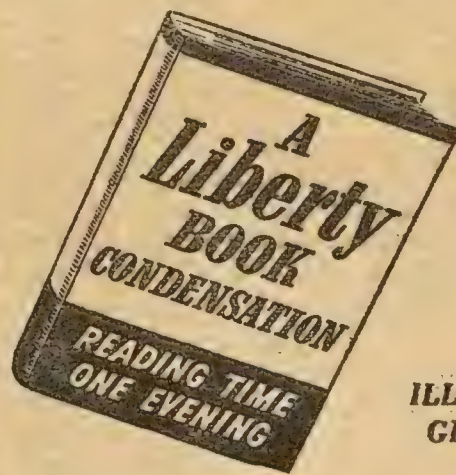
Win or lose, Johnston will make money with his new find, Fernando Menichelli.

BY HOWARD SPRING

HARD FACTS



The attraction that drew Theo Chrystal and Elsie Dillworth together spelled danger for both of them. He was a handsome young curate with a bright future; she, in spite of her youth, a girl with a past. This dramatic and sensitive romance is a Literary Guild selection, and a worthy successor to Mr. Spring's *My Son, My Son*.



ILLUSTRATED BY
GLEN THOMAS

THEO CHRYSTAL at twenty-four looked a young Greek god, with his blue eyes and pale chiseled face. His profile, captured by an excellent photographer, filled a silver frame that stood on the grand piano in Lady Pinson's drawing room. It was in this drawing room that Theo, the young curate, had given her Greek lessons, and always, when the lessons were ended, she would play to him. Theo had little ear for music and no great liking for it, but he understood the importance of Lady Pinson, whose brother was Bishop of Chanctonbury; and so he used to sit with his head well back in an easy chair, his eyes closed, his delicate fingertips touching, and a simulated rapture lighting his face. Hard work might get a man on in the Church, but he was aware that the Lady Pinsons of this earth were not without their weight.

She was thirty and a childless widow and very rich. She would never marry again—she was sure of that—but

it was delightful to have someone so young and beautiful about the place, engaged in so charming an occupation as the teaching of Greek. To keep him with her was a strong temptation; to send him away was a matter of both prudence and wisdom, for Adela Pinson was a wise woman after her fashion, and she was not unaware of the currents of her time. A sojourn in the industrial North, she was sure, was a necessary part of the working out of her dream. Theo himself hardly realized that it was she who had sent him there to be Mr. Burnside's curate when he wrote her this letter:

"Dear Lady Pinson: Since this is my second day in Manchester you will no doubt think that I should be out and about, learning something of this parish. But I can't find the parish. It has banged a very dark and heavy door in my face and left me outside. In other words, over the whole place there is such a fog as you, in your blessed climate, cannot begin to imagine.

"Yesterday, when I had tea with Mr. Burnside, my new vicar at St. Ninian's, he asked me to stop at a printer's office near my lodgings to inquire about some handbills ordered for a church bazaar. I went there this morning, and here I am just back from a remarkable adventure. When I arrived, the whole place was festively decorated and the families of the printers were present in their Sunday clothes. It seems I had arrived just at the moment when a new weekly called *Hard Facts* was to be launched on the world. I need not weary you with an account of the festivity. I have had a chance since getting back here to look at this journal, and it is really of an unbelievable crudity.

"Strangely enough, there is one excellent thing in the paper: a poem by a young man named Alec Dillworth. I met this youth at the affair this morning and was inclined to like him. We walked home together and he told me some facts about this new journal. A man named Dunkerley is the general presiding genius. Dillworth is the editor, at a salary of four pounds a week, which



seems to him to be wealth untold, and also to be a traitor's pay, for he has a very just understanding of the rubbish which this paper is. And there is no doubt that he has a great deal of writing talent.

"Poor fellow! He seems to have had a hard life with brutal drunken parents. I see clearly that it is the prospect of leaving them which has induced him to sink all he hoped to do and take this absurd editorship. He has rented a small house, and asked me to help him to carry some of his books there. The place we called at to get the books was indescribable. We went up an uncarpeted stairway between greasy walls to Dillworth's bedroom, and each of us took up a portmanteau stuffed with books. On the landing, Dillworth tapped at a door and muttered, 'Come on, Elsie.' A girl came out, and she, too, was carrying a portmanteau. She was rather an extraordinary creature, very tall and thin, with the reddest hair I have ever seen. Her face was white and her lips so red that, if such a thing were not incredible, I would swear they were painted. We all three went down the stairs together, somehow furtively, as though we were escaping. I carried the books to Dillworth's little house and promised to go and have tea some day with him and his sister.

"Well, dear Lady Pinson, send me some tidings of dear Sussex, and believe me to be your devoted friend,

"THEODORE CHRYSTAL."

ALEC DILLWORTH was at that time eighteen years old. His face was almost a fanatic's face. The gray eyes under the tumble of lank careless flaxen hair, the thin cheeks, the sensuous lips, all had an extraordinary appearance of rapture. Sadness settled on the face in repose; any emotion, joy or anger or sorrow, would impart to it a sudden mobility that made it exceptional, at times startling.

It was Mr. Burnside who had raised the money from goodness knows where to have Alec apprenticed to Dan

Dunkerley the printer. Dunkerley saw and appraised the boy from the moment he set foot in the shop. He had to step very delicately with Dillworth in order to find out something about his background and he did not do this by questioning the boy himself. He discovered in ways of his own that Alec's father and mother were hopeless drunks who fought like tigers.

One night Daniel Dunkerley had waited in the shop for his apprentice. It had seemed to Dunkerley that from the first Alec Dillworth might be important to his plan of starting a weekly newspaper.

"With your permission, Alec," he said, "I shall print one of your poems in each issue."

The effect of these words astonished him. Alec Dillworth leaped to his feet, with his nose pinched and white. "I'd see you in hell first!" he cried, trembling. "My poem in your lousy paper? Don't you believe it!"

Dunkerley rose and pulled on his overcoat. "See you on Monday morning, Alec. Think it over," he said tolerantly. "You'd be paid for the poems, of course. And there'd be a salaried job on the paper. You'd be able to run a small house for you and your sister. Good night. Lock up, will you?"

Dunkerley walked out into the black night, feeling incredibly small and mean. He had failed with all other baits to lure this wild creature, and so he had used what he knew about the shocking situation in the Dillworth household. "A small house for you and your sister."

Alec stood by the door on the Stockport Road watching Dunkerley till the darkness swallowed him up. His face was contorted with hatred, because he knew that Dunkerley had got him—money was the one weapon with which he could protect Elsie from his parents.

A YEAR later, Theo Chrystal wrote to Lady Pinson: "My dear Adela: To see you and dear Sussex again will be an inexpressible joy. Mr. Burnside is permitting me to be away for the first fortnight of next month. We will read Greek together again, and you will enchant me with your music. I have earned a respite in Arcadia.

"Even here, though, an Arcadian moment may be snatched. I had been invited by Daniel Dunkerley to have breakfast at his new house. I perhaps misjudged him at the beginning. He certainly has the power of doing what he sets out to do, and he has bought a large house at Didsbury. It was his whim to invite a number of people to breakfast, and I had arranged to go with Alec Dillworth and his sister Elsie, who had both been invited. Outside St. Ninian's, where I had arranged to meet them, I found Miss Dillworth alone. . . ."

But Theo's letter didn't tell quite everything that happened after he met Elsie.

Elsie was dressed in white muslin, the flounced skirt almost sweeping the pavement. She wore no hat, and her red hair was in a loose pile on her head. A parasol of alternate green and white flounces dangled from her gloved hand. "Alec isn't coming," she said. "He asked me to give you this note."

"My dear Chrystal," the note said, "I'm an editor, not a lackey. Damn his new house. I shan't be there to pander to his vanity. I advise you to tell Elsie to get back home to bed, and to do the same yourself. However, if you want to go, she's a good walker."

Theo wanted to go very much indeed. "So Alec isn't coming," he said. "He was all for it last night." She laughed, a sudden bright brittle sound in the street enchanted by the May sunshine. "Don't ever count on Alec," she said. "If it comes to that, I wouldn't be surprised to find him running after us at any moment."

Theo realized with a quickening of the pulse that the last thing he wanted now was to have Alec running after them. "Well, Miss Dillworth," he said formally, "what do you think? Should we go?"

"I'm going anyway," Elsie said. "Please yourself."

They set off together, and as men and women passed them, bound for their work, most of them stared to see a parson and a red-haired muslin-clad girl walking the streets at so early an hour. From one group of shawled women came a gibe that Theo did not catch, followed by a gust of coarse laughter, and a shout, "Are you rescuin' er, mister?"

Theo was shocked. Elsie laughed—and that shocked Theo more than the remark that had occasioned it. His cheeks burned and his tongue was frozen. Elsie, who had eighteen years to his twenty-five, looked at him with adult compassion. "Don't worry, Mr. Chrystal," she advised him. "I've heard worse things than that in my young life."

They walked on in silence then, and presently turned off the long dreary road into the leafy lanes. He looked sideways at her, striding along gamely at his side, and he was aware, too, as he had often been, of her powerful attraction. Yet there was something odd about her, too. It was a little thing, but he had never before known a woman walk in the public streets without a hat—not, at any rate, when otherwise she was all dressed up, as Elsie was. And there were brief hints that Mr. Burnside had occasionally let fall. "I'd hate to hurt Elsie Dillworth. She's been hurt enough already." Dark sayings of that sort. And what did she mean by: "I've heard worse things than that in my young life"?

These things nagged in the back of Theo Chrystal's mind because Elsie looked as sweet as the flowering cherries, as virginal as the white candles burning on the chestnut trees, and he had a pleasant feeling that it would be easy to fall in love with her. They marched on now in silence, and Theo allowed his thoughts to roam. There was nothing against marriage. He would not be a curate long. He had, he knew, a pleasing way in the pulpit. Women liked him. It had been disappointing that the women who attended St. Ninian's hadn't liked him as well as the women in the south of England—women like Adela Pinson. But St. Ninian's wouldn't last forever. It was, anyway, hardly his idea of a church. No, there would be preferment, a parish somewhere more congenial to his talents. And there was that one hundred and fifty pounds a year that was his private fortune. At the moment, in the sunshine of this May morning, the cheerful thought in his mind was that marriage, whenever he chose to embark upon it, would not be, financially, too hazardous.

When Theo and Elsie Dillworth reached Mr. Dunkerley's new home—known as the White House—it was half past eight. They were ushered into the diningroom.

IT was a beautiful room. A long refectory table ran down the middle of it, and punctuating its length were three porcelain bowls containing double tulips colored like honey suffused with vermillion. At either end of the table was an urn. Daniel Dunkerley was standing before one. It was plain that he was the one who had planned everything. "Agnes," he said to his wife, "there's coffee in this urn and tea in yours. You look after that and I'll look after this. Now help yourselves, please, everyone, from the sideboard."

Theo helped Agnes and Elsie to their chairs. He had already surveyed and approved the sideboard. "Now, Mrs. Dunkerley and Miss Dillworth, what shall I bring you? May I suggest some of this fricassee of chicken?"

At last he had served them and was himself seated, on Agnes' right. Elsie was opposite him. For her, he reflected, this must be as difficult an occasion as it was for the very evidently flustered Mrs. Dunkerley. Elsie certainly could never in her life have been in a room like this or have eaten a meal like this. He recalled how, on the morning when *Hard Facts* first appeared, he had gone with Alec to bring books to his new house. He remembered the place they had called at, when he first saw Elsie, and the shiver of the spine it had caused him. It was not merely that it was dirty, smelly, with the walls polished by passing shoulders and the oilcloth worn into holes by trampling feet. It was not only the bedroom Alec had taken him into, where the bed, at noon, was a chaos of faintly odorous blankets, and the tattered lace curtains made a shamefaced effort to hide the squalid back yard the windows looked upon. No, there was more than that. There was a real sense of evil in that house. He would not have been surprised to find someone hanging by a cord behind a door; and when they had taken out the suitcases, he felt he understood the way Alec had suddenly turned to Elsie and cried, "We're out! We're out!" as though they had escaped from great peril, and had placed a hand quite roughly on each of Elsie's shoulders

and kissed her. Theo had felt there was a significance in the moment, but what it was escaped him.

Well, he thought, looking now at Elsie, so cool, and, it seemed, self-sufficing, in her white muslin, you are certainly a wonderful improviser. You know how to take hold of each moment as it comes and deal with it. It was now that the Dunkerleys' housekeeper came into the room and fluttered here and there behind the guests' chairs. She came to Elsie's, and Elsie said, "That was the nicest fricassee of chicken I ever tasted in my life."

THEO was enchanted. Certainly, my dear young woman, he said to himself, you have never before tasted fricassee of chicken. I doubt, indeed, whether you ever heard the word till I asked you a moment ago to have some. He was pleased with the way she had seized on the word and remembered it; and then he wondered why he *should* be pleased whether socially she were dexterous or clumsy. But pleased he was. After all, he had brought her there—not by design but because Alec was Alec; but, however it happened, he felt glad that she did well.

After breakfast Agnes Dunkerley persuaded Elsie to stay and explore the house and the few acres of ground. Theo said he must be getting back to town. The enchantment of the morning's early hours was gone. He was aware of a disappointment that Elsie was no longer with him. He had looked forward to walking home with her. They had not had much to say to each other on the way to the White House and he thought of all sorts of things he would have liked to discuss with her. What was she reading? No doubt Alec was keeping her mind occupied with something. How was she getting on with her violin lessons at Mr. Burnside's?

Well, Theo decided, as he strode along, something might be done with this music at Mr. Burnside's. He himself, though music had never made more than a superficial appeal to him, had had a certain proficiency with the piano drilled into him. Mr. Burnside played the cello, and they might arrange simple musical occasions at the vicarage. But these promised delights seemed a long way off, and he felt an urgent wish to do something about Elsie Dillworth at once.

Back in his room in Hardiman Street, he ran his eye along the books on his shelf. He chose Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and wrote on the flyleaf in his thin ascetic-looking hand: "With Theodore Chrystal's kind thoughts to Miss Dillworth, sharer of a memorable morning. May 15, 1886." He wasted no time, but walked at once to the house Alec had taken and dropped the small parcel through the letter box. He felt relieved now that he had done something definite; and settled down with an easier mind to his letter to Lady Pinson. He went on with his description of the occasion, leaving Lady Pinson to assume that Alec had been with them all along.

Elsie did not return until six o'clock. When Alec came in at four, he found the small parcel on the mat, picked it up, and took it into the sitting room. He made himself some tea, and for a time looked at the parcel propped against the teapot. He recognized Theo's handwriting and felt an itch to know what Theo Chrystal was sending Elsie.

For fourteen months now he and Elsie had lived in this little house. He wanted the company of no woman but Elsie; he saw no reason why she should want the company of any man but himself. That was the truth of it; but what he said to himself was that life had hit Elsie too hard; he must see to it that no more blows reached her.

He told himself that he had a right to know what Theo Chrystal was up to. Theo was older than he, but Alec felt that he, and Elsie too, had been born knowing many things that it would take Theo Chrystal a lifetime to learn, if he learned them at all.

He snipped the string of the small parcel. *Idylls of the King*. On the flyleaf: "With Theodore Chrystal's kind thoughts to Miss Dillworth, sharer of a memorable morning. May 15, 1886."

Alec began to flip over the pages. He had read the *Idylls* more than once, but now, leaving the littered table, he moved to a comfortable chair by the dead fireplace and began to read again. He forgot Elsie, forgot Theo Chrystal, forgot the inscription which linked their names on the

flyleaf he held in his hand. Soon he was deep in the book. Elsie let herself in with her latchkey and found him sitting there. For a May day, the warmth, even at that hour of late afternoon, was unusual. She was a little tired with her long walk back from Didsbury, a little inclined to be petulant.

The state of the room offended her. Alec had not put a cloth upon the table, and, pouring tea as he read, had swamped his saucer and the table as well. Elsie looked with displeasure at the tea-soaked remnants of cake; and, to make things worse, a length of string and a piece of sodden brown paper were added to the litter. As she picked it up she saw her own name written upon it and she said quietly, "What came for me while I was out?"

Alec looked up with a start. Only now did he remember what he had done, that he had forgotten to burn the paper, that he had intended Elsie should not see this book. His pale face colored deeply. "Oh, it was this," he said, and handed her the book. "I could feel it was only a book, Elsie, and you know I can never resist a book. Forgive?"

Elsie was reading the inscription. He tried to decipher her look, but it was inscrutable. She said nothing, and Alec could feel that taut nerve between them vibrating. "I'm going for a walk," he said, and went out.

After he had gone, Elsie stood with Theodore Chrystal's gift in her hand. "A memorable morning." Suddenly she felt unutterably weary. She was, in years, hardly more than a child, but oceans of experience flung a bitter drenching wave upon her as she held Theo's naïve gift in her hand. He would have been surprised to know that in that moment he appeared to her as someone infinitely young and innocent, with years to go before he could hope to come up alongside herself. He knew nothing of her, and nothing, she guessed, of what life was all about. Her mind approved of what Alec had done. She decided that she couldn't bear to have any irruption of passion into this small circle of safety where she had precariously arrived. She would just do nothing about the gift and let Mr. Chrystal draw his own conclusions. She tore out the flyleaf and put a match to it in the grate. Alec would see and understand. There would be no need to say anything to him either.

THANK God, Thank God, Thank God. So the wheels of the train seemed to say as Theo leaned back in his second-class compartment, enchanted to be hastening as fast as wheels could take him to Sussex and Lady Pinson.

He had been in Manchester for fifteen months without once spending a day out of it. He had worked hard in his own way, though his total feeling now was of disappointment and discouragement. After all, a curate was in the hands of his vicar; of himself he could do little; and all that he would have liked to do at St. Ninian's was regarded by Mr. Burnside as not of much importance. An unhappy sense that he was working under the wrong vicar was beginning to enfeeble Theo's endeavors and to discourage his temper.

He would never understand Mr. Burnside, Theo thought. Not that Mr. Burnside was altogether without points that pleased him. He had been deeply touched when he mentioned to Mr. Burnside the matter of musical evenings. It was a warm night, soon after that inaugural breakfast at Daniel Dunkerley's new house, and the gas was lit, but the curtains were undrawn and the windows were open upon the stuffy night.

"I wondered," Theo said, "if we might look forward to establishing something of an oasis next winter? Some musical evenings. I'm not too bad at the piano, you love the cello, and I thought it would be a help to Elsie Dillworth with her violin. I don't know how she's getting on. Is there any chance that she'll be fit for that sort of thing by then?"

For a moment Mr. Burnside said nothing. He considered his visitor so carefully that Theo at last said, with a little unease, "I'm very fond of Alec, you know." Mr. Burnside answered, "You're rather fond of Elsie, aren't you?" As Theo did not reply, he added, "Don't get too fond of her, my dear boy, unless you are prepared to get very fond of her indeed. Do you see what I mean?"

Theo shied off the subject with a polite equivocation. "Oh, yes, I like her. I think she's a charming girl."

All right, Mr. Burnside thought. If you're edging away from me, I shan't press the matter. He said, "I can't encourage this idea of yours, because I have other ideas about Elsie Dillworth. It's just a year ago now that I first began to teach her the violin. It was nothing but a casual impulse."

"Yes," said Theo with a smile. "You said it might be her way to heaven."

"Did I? Well, she's very talented. There's really nothing more that I can do for her, and that's not saying much, you know. It simply means that she's learned the barest elements. Do you go to the Halle concerts?"

"No. I'm not really musical. I was just taught to strum a bit, and I never got beyond it."

"Well," said Mr. Burnside, "the point is that there is an excellent violinist in that orchestra who is going to take her on at the point where I left off. There is a chance—just a chance, mind you—that she will develop into something good. So her arrangements now must be in Simmons' hands. Still, if you ever care to come along and strum, as you call it, I'll be glad to join in."

This did not seem an alluring idea to Theo, and as he left he was aware of a vague feeling of depression and disappointment.

AND now there he was, speeding through the dingy slate roofs and smoking chimney pots that would soon give way to wider glimpses of the country and at last to dear Sussex itself.

Adela Pinson had thought Theo pale-looking and tired when she met him at Lewes station. Now, bathed and changed, he looked a different man. He had a classic beauty that no painting or photograph could catch. It needed the three-dimensional treatment of sculpture to reproduce the purity of the profile and the shapeliness of the golden head. I am really seeing him, Adela thought with a quickening of the pulse, for the first time since all these months—over a year. Oh, it seemed endless!

She tried desperately to seem casual, no more pleased with him than the politeness of a hostess demanded; but her heart would not be still, and she was glad when the parlormaid beat upon the mellow dinner gong.

But Theo had no inkling of the thoughts going through her mind. This was what he had been waiting for, this gracious hour, this charmingly set dinner table. It was pleasant sitting there with this quiet, poised woman.

Theo had left word to be called at six. But when he went to his room he felt wide awake and did not undress. There was an easy chair near the window and he sat in it, his arms resting on the sill, looking out into the garden. Suddenly he felt an irresistible desire to write to Elsie. He got up and took a pad of paper from his bag and a stub of pencil from his pocket, and then, sitting again, where the moonlight just fell upon the page, he wrote: "My dear Miss Dillworth."

He gazed at the words just visible on the moon-blurred sheet, and a host of images rose up before his mind: the gray streets of Manchester in a winter dusk; his own little room with the curtains drawn and the fire shining; Alec Dillworth's thin enthusiast's face; a spring morning with Elsie Dillworth, hatless, walking with him to Dan Dunkerley's new house. It was all charged with an extraordinary nostalgia. He thought he had hated the place. Now he knew that it had treacherously stolen into his heart, taken possession, and left him—here in this lovely house lapped in quiet—lonely and homesick.

He looked down at the sheet resting on his knee and continued to write: "I've told you often what a lovely place this is, and you will be surprised to know that my feeling on this first night here is that I miss you all very much."

All. . . . He was aware of the almost imperceptible pause before he inserted the word. He had not meant to use it. He did not want to use it now. "I miss you very much" was what he wanted to write. And that explained everything he had been feeling about Manchester. A wild impulse suddenly flooded him to tear up the sheet and begin again. "Darling Elsie—How I miss you!" But he merely ran his pencil in an irritated line through what he had written, threw the pad back where he had taken it from, and went to stand at the window.

He did not know that that morning the view from the window had been obscured by a tangled growth of clematis and Virginia creeper. Adela, looking into the room to see that all was in order, had told the gardener to clear away the foliage. The man had done so and had left the ladder he had used where it stood. The moonlight showed it to Theo as he idled restlessly there, looking down; and, feeling sleep to be far from him, he clambered over the sill, went lightly down the ladder, and breathed deeply the clear still air.

Leaning against the wall, he charged his pipe with tobacco and struck a match. It was the leap of the small flame that caught Lady Pinson's eye. She had been walking quietly on the grass, and now, standing in the shadows of a cedar, she could just make out Theo's form leaning back in the darkness under the wall of the house. Her breath came painfully as he stepped into the moonlight and began to walk toward the cedar. "Is anyone there?" he said as he approached. "Ah, Adela, it's you. I thought I was the only one keeping such late hours."

"I was restless," she said. "I tried to read, but couldn't."

WITHOUT a word, with a mutual understanding, they began to move away together—away from the house, toward the drive that ran through half a mile of field and spinney to the high road. "Adela," he said suddenly, "you've always been so good to me. I want to tell you something and ask your advice. You know, there's no one else, no one at all, I rely on as I do on you."

Oh, God, stop him, stop him, she prayed. If he wants to marry that girl he's always writing about, let him do so. But don't let him talk to me like this. He makes me sound as though I were his mother or grandmother. Oh, God, deliver me.

"I believe I'm in love," he said.

A bubble of sound exploded softly in the spinney. Then another and another, all on the same sweet low wooing note. They stopped talking and leaned on the iron railing that edged the drive. "It's the nightingale," Adela said.

"I've mentioned her in my letters. She's a poor girl, not even educated, but very beautiful."

"Listen a moment. Don't you love that prologue? Now he's going right into it. We always want to speak quietly on a night like this, but the nightingale sings at the top of his voice. . . ." Sing bird, sing, and stop him from talking.

"Don't you think," she said, "half the enchantment is that we don't see him? We see the blackbird and the thrush, and even when the lark's halfway to heaven we glimpse the speck of him. But who's ever seen a nightingale? I never have. It's as though the night itself were singing its heart out."

Then she was silent, and Theo, too, had for the time nothing more to say. They stood there for a long time, until the fiery song was expiring in a few pulsing embers of sound. Then another sound began to gain upon their ears. Theo, looking ahead, glimpsed the headlamps of a carriage. "Good gracious," he said, "it must be midnight."

A premonition of ill seized Adela's heart. Perhaps God had chosen his own way to deliver her.

The approaching chariot of fate did not seem frightening, or even notable. It stopped and the driver came toward them with a letter. "My Lady," her father's butler had written, "Mr. Beckwith was taken very ill suddenly tonight. He is unconscious, and your ladyship may wish to return with the person who brings this note."

Adela handed the note to Theo, who was able to read it by the clear moonlight. "Get in," he said, opening the cab door. "I shall go with you."

However warm two days may be, one must die before the other is born, and in that interval death is very chill. That moment was upon them now. The news itself had made Adela feel cold. She knew the nature of her father's long illness and that this hurry through the night to his home in near-by Lewes was useless, that she would find her father dead. She shivered violently, from the cold without her and within. She drew nearer to Theo, as though to find warmth from the contact.

"You must put my coat about you," he said, and he pulled off his coat and placed it round her shoulders. She protested feebly. "It's getting very cold. You'll miss it."

He laughed in his strength, full of pride that she had drawn toward his warm masculinity. "Me? On a midsummer night? I've never had a cold in my life." And not knowing that he was torturing her, he said, "Lean against me if it makes you feel warmer."

She leaned hard against the white sleeve clothing his left arm, and to ease things and make her feel more comfortable he placed it round her.

And now Adela scarcely dared to breathe. She was thinking no longer of her father. She was thinking only of the dear intimate quality of this moment. Not thinking of it so much as giving herself up freely to it, with a sensuous delight that would have startled and disconcerted her if indeed she had been thinking rather than living instinctively. Theo's left hand rested lightly on her waist. She was warm now, with a warmth engendered in herself. Her breasts were taut with longing and irresistibly drawn with desire for the kind of love she had never known. She took hold of his hand and pressed it against the telltale swelling of her breast.

Then she remembered Theo's voice saying, "I want to



ask your advice. I believe I'm in love," and, as if she were waking in fright from a dream, she sat bolt upright, pulling her body away from the disastrous intoxicating contact with his. His hand fell limply down, and now each was leaning back in a corner, each looking out of a separate window at the silvered hedges sliding by and the trees sleeping where they stood. But the avowal had been complete, irrevocable. Nothing, Adela thought, nothing can be the same between us again.

The best in Theo rose to the surface in that moment. He understood now that she loved him, and a great pity for her filled his heart. He stretched out his hand to where hers lay white and forlorn on the leather seat and pressed it briefly, warmly, reassuringly.

ADELA was right. Her father was dead, and Theo explained to her that in the circumstances his visit to Cotter's Court must end at once. He did not stay even for the funeral, and with a great gladness of heart found himself boarding the Manchester train at St. Pancras.

His holiday was barely begun and there were all sorts of things that he could have done. But the one thought in his head was to be back among the bricks of Manchester, baking in the midsummer heat.

As the train sped north, a mood of depression settled upon him. His profoundest and most characteristic instinct was of prudence; of seeing his way all around and well ahead; of destroying nothing that might be a weapon in what he saw as the arduous and difficult fight before him. He had flown violently into the face of this principle that had governed his life, and now came the reaction, with foreboding of evil. To put it in its frankest way, Adela Pinson and all she stood for had been the best card he had to play. He wondered now whether this had been thrown away forever, whether all that he had to do

would have to be improvised out of circumstances as they arose. Unpromising enough the circumstances were likely to be.

The day was oppressively hot. At Derby he got out of the train and walked up and down the platform, hatless, pale, pondering his future. It was a subject never far from his mind. A cold hard gleam of ambition to succeed in his chosen walk of life was his warmest fire.

He could analyze more clearly now the reason for the joy he had felt in escaping to the south. He had been running away from Elsie Dillworth. She had never thanked him for that small gift he had sent her in May. She had not even mentioned it, though they had met several times since then. But they had not met so often as they had been accustomed to do. He had a feeling that both she and Alec were standing off, finding excuses for being busy. With Alec, it was the work for Hard Facts, though, goodness knows, he had always taken that lightly enough. With Elsie, it was music. There was always a lesson with Mr. Simmons, or a concert, or a small party where a few musical friends were gathering together.

All this shook Theo profoundly in what was a sensitive part of him: his self-esteem. He remembered what an outcast Alec had seemed the first day he met him. He remembered the sordid and brutal room from which he had helped Alec and Elsie to remove the books; and his cautious disposition, recalling the girl's background, was a little startled at his own rashness in having attempted to start something that might become serious. "Don't get too fond of her, Chrystal my dear boy, unless you are prepared to get very fond of her indeed." That was what Mr. Burnside had said.

How fond of her was he? Having fled, it did not take him long to find out. Poor Adela herself, overcoming the inhibitions of a lifetime, had given him the final enlightenment. And yet, going back now as quickly as the train would take him, even in this uplifting landscape he could not overcome the hesitations that plagued him. At Miller's Dale the train stopped and again he made a sudden decision, pulled down his bag from the rack, and got out to the platform. He stood there till the train had curved out of sight, then humped the bag into the blinding sunshine outside the station.

There was no need, he thought, to rush so impetuously back. To leave the train in that way seemed itself impetuous; in fact it was nothing of the sort. It was an assertion of Theo's habitual restraint, a playing for time, a postponement of decision. The train had stopped in the heart of what, he remembered a friend had once assured him, was the loveliest and most varied county in Britain. He had time on his hands. He would here continue his holiday and think over the situation.

ON inquiry he found there was an inn in the nearby village of Castleton. Getting into the old-fashioned trap at the station, he ordered the driver to take him there. The fresh little horse went briskly away, and in the sunshine and the winy northern air Theo felt ease of mind returning as they clattered by farm and field and cottage, all air-washed and invigorated, and here was Castleton, a gray and decent village lying on the edge of the wide green Hope Valley, threaded by a glancing stream. At the inn Theo was shown up to a room. The mood of elation that the drive had engendered in him went suddenly flat. He felt tired, as though all the emotions, all the unsolved questions of the last few days had come in that instant to a head. There was an old wicker chair, chintz-covered, near the bed, and sinking into it, he put his fair curls back upon the bizarre pattern of parrots and vine tendrils and was soon asleep.

When he awoke he wondered for a moment where he was. Through the open window sounded the slow slop and shuffle of cattle moving to a byre for milking. It was peaceful, idyllic: he was glad he had come. He sluiced his face in the washbowl and then, without having consciously thought about it at all, he sat down to write.

"My dear Dillworth: Here I am in Derbyshire—almost on Manchester's doorstep, you might say. I was surprised to see how easy a journey it is out here. I ought to have taken an occasional refreshing day in this magnificent countryside. I'm surprised that *you* don't do it.

"Well, why not, my dear Dillworth? Hop into a train, and in no time at all you will be at Hope, where I could meet you, and we could walk back here together. Surely Mr. Dunkerley owes you a holiday. Come before this glorious weather breaks. Send me a telegram and I'll see that a room is kept for you at this inn. This air would not hurt Miss Dillworth either.

"In the expectation of seeing you soon, I am,

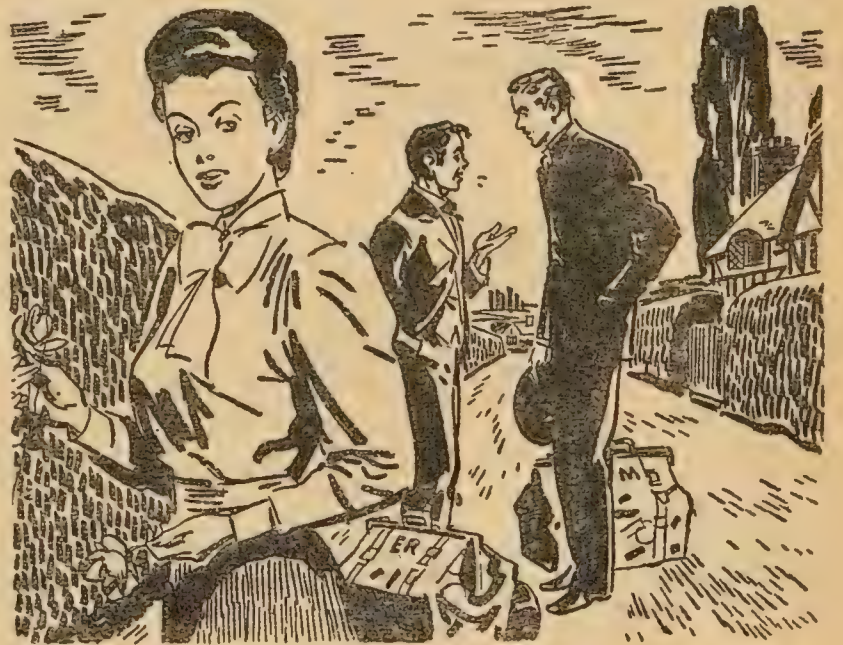
"Yours very truly,
"THEODORE CHRYSTAL."

It was not till he had been out and posted this that he wrote another letter:

"My dear Adela: In the greatness of the sorrow that came so suddenly and tragically upon you, what could I do? I am glad that you approved my going away at once, for, despite the beautiful kindness you have always shown me, I felt that that was a moment when I had no claim to consider myself other than an intruder.

"It was my intention to return at once to Manchester and throw myself into the work of the parish, but on an impulse I decided to stay here in Derbyshire, where a short rest will permit me to go back more tranquillized. Among these rude moors and rocks I shall not forget dear Sussex, nor, I fear, shall I find anything to compensate for the loss of the delightful days to which I had been looking forward. As it is, I have the memory of one perfect evening to store in my heart.

"But enough of me. What can I say to you, so cruelly stricken? Little enough. You have your faith. You have the strength to bear whatever God, in His inscrutable providence, lays upon you. That is your comfort—and



mine. As a priest, I pray God to bless and keep you. As your unchanging friend, I beg you to consider me at your service, now and always.

"Believe me, dear Adela, as ever yours,

"THEO CHRYSTAL."

When the telegram came, Theo could hardly believe that this had happened. He felt his heart beating strongly. This had never happened to him before and he wondered if he would have felt as strangely moved had it come from Alec. But Alec had been busy. He had asked Elsie to send the telegram, and so it read: "Arriving Hope with Alec 3.15. Elsie Dillworth." He had written to *him*. The answer was from *her*. This seemed to Theo to be a moving personal point. It was Elsie who was coming, bringing Alec with her. Oh, this day was leaden! But it passed, as all days pass, and half an hour before the train was due he was sitting on the station platform, flushed with impatience. At three ten he said, "I shall shut my eyes and not open them until I hear the train not only arrive but stop."

It happened that the compartment in which the Dillworths were traveling stopped right against the seat. As they tumbled out, he opened his eyes, and there she was, almost as though she were tumbling into his arms. She and Alec each carried an ancient and dilapidated Gladstone bag that Alec had hastily salvaged from a sec-

ondhand market. Printed on his were the initials C. M., and on hers E. R. He introduced himself to Theo as Christopher Marlowe, in attendance on Elizabeth Regina.

She, too, thought Theo, was tall and thin and had red hair, but never—let the poets dribble about her as they might—could she have looked like Elsie Dillworth. With the Gladstone bag in one hand, she carried her violin case in the other, and Theo hastened to relieve her of this burden.

"No, thanks, Mr. Chrystal," she said. "If you want to carry anything, you can carry this." She handed him the bag plastered with labels of hotels in Venice and Nice, Florence, Lisbon, Rome.

"They'll think, in this pub of yours," said Alec with a grin, "that they've landed a traveled woman. But it's just a forecast. Some day she'll see all those places when she's a world-famous violinist on tour."

I hadn't thought of that, Theo's restless mind was saying. Suddenly he felt humble, and that was unusual with him. Suppose she really was a violinist with the future Alec had laughingly sketched? What then? Where did a curate fit in?

But this was not a day when youth could entertain such thoughts as these. She was there, and the sun was shining.

"I'm glad Mr. Dunkerley was reasonable," Theo said.

Alec shifted his bag from one thin hand to another. "I didn't tell Dan Dunkerley I was coming. An editor, after all," he said, with dignity, "should be allowed to make decisions."

"The firm has plenty of money nowadays," said Theo, more to make conversation than for any other purpose. "It's time Mr. Dunkerley raised your pay."

"That's all right," Alec answered easily. "I've seen to that. We shall take a small house in Burnage, with a small garden. And we shall look for a small girl to cook our small dinners and sweep the place up with a very small broom. Her name will be Thumbelina Small. Altogether we shall begin in a small way."

Burnage. Well, that wasn't so bad, Theo thought. For a moment he had been in a panic, picturing Elsie whisked away to some really far suburb.

"You see, for one thing," Alec was going on, "Elsie and I have a father for whom we entertain no small hatred. At the moment he's serving a small sentence for burglary."

Theo laughed gaily. This was carrying the small joke much too far.

"Don't be so absurd, Alec," he said. "One of these days someone may take you seriously."

ALEC stopped in the road and faced him squarely. "Don't you take me seriously?" he demanded. "Don't you think I have a burglar for a father? Let me tell you my father's a bloody swine and my mother's a boozier. How's that for filial feeling, eh? Well, that's how I feel. I'm shifting Else where they're not likely to find her, and if one of them *did* by chance wander into our house, I'd do my best to throw him out and break his neck."

Theo realized with a great shock that Alec was speaking the truth. They had come to a stand, looking at each other on the dusty road between the powdered hedges. Alec had gone white, and Theo looked sickly. Strange, he was thinking, even in that tense moment, what qualities of silence Elsie had. She had marched along, straight as a young willow wand, listening to Alec but putting in no word. Even when he publicly proclaimed these things that were tormenting Theo, she looked proud and aloof as though none of it concerned her or could in any way touch her; and now, as the two young men faced each other in the road, she said nothing and looked nothing. She stood a little apart from them, gravely turning a spray of honeysuckle over and over in her hand. It seemed to Theo an age before Alec directly appealed to her: "Am I telling the truth, Else?"

She said, "Oh, yes. But what does it matter?"

Alec picked up the Gladstone bag that he had rested at his feet. "All right, then," he said with a return to gaiety. "Let us continue this small journey. But you should know, Chrystal, the sort of people you're going about with."

Theo was shaken. They were, he thought, an incredible

pair of people, and they knew how to fight! The mingling of pity and horror that had frozen him resolved and flowed into channels of admiration. He suddenly shouted, "I do admire you, Alec!" He added awkwardly, "And you, too, Miss Dillworth."

Elsie said nothing, but in her enigmatic smile Theo read pity and almost contempt for youth so retarded that it must needs wonder at mere necessary courage and hardihood. Alec was more emotionally moved. His face worked strangely and he said with difficulty, "Thank you, Chrystal." And then, with his twisted grin, "Damn it, you *ought* to admire us. The Dillworth kids are something special."

Suddenly, looking at Elsie, Theo couldn't sort out his feelings about her. With her lips half parted in a smile, she seemed a child; but he sensed knowledge and experience that made him feel altogether beyond any understanding of the depth of her. Her own question recurred in his mind. What does it matter? The day was good, and she was here, and now at last they strode into the inn.

HERE was the end of the first day, and Theo had seen almost nothing of Elsie. She had gone to her room as soon as they had arrived at the inn and changed. She had joined Theo and Alec for supper at seven o'clock and had left immediately afterward, saying she must practice. Then Alec had said he didn't feel like walking, and Theo had set off alone. He did not expect to see her again that night. She would finish her practice and go to bed. But as he finished his walk and drew near to the inn, he heard the music of a violin.

A door led into a yard that was at the side of the inn and turned round to the back of it. In the angle a great sycamore was growing, its leaves now one ebon silhouette against the night sky. Theo tiptoed to the angle, looked up at the back wall of the inn, and saw a window faintly lighted. Evidently no more than one candle was burning in the room, but the light was enough to show him Elsie. Her hair was nothing but a bright blur round the pale oval of her face which bent lovingly upon the fiddle, caressing it beneath the tender shadow of her chin. She was wearing a white dress. The lawn sleeves, he could see, were full but caught firmly at the wrists. Her arm swept across the light of the candle and the lawn of the sleeve shimmered as if the arm itself were mantled in radiance. It was as if she were flashing a sword; and the music was a sword that pierced to his heart and made him tremble with humility. So this was Elsie! This was the reality behind the aloof young smiling face. He had thought of Elsie as a citadel to be reduced. Now, as his limbs trembled, he realized that she was terrible with banners and that it was he who was conquered, abject and worshiping before power of a sort that could never be his.

The music ended on a note, high, clear, and pure, that seemed to pass slowly into the night and end as part of its being. She laid down the violin and came and leaned upon the windowsill. For five minutes she stayed there, not moving, as though the night had bewitched her; then she moved back into the room and he saw her take up the violin again.

At the same moment a shadow slid into the yard, and though he could not see him clearly, he knew that this was Alec.

Theo felt a pang almost of jealousy shoot through his heart. He felt smitten, as though a rival for Elsie's love had stolen upon the scene. When was he to have a moment alone with her, he wondered. Could he not have even this moment of darkness and silence when she did not so much as know that he was there?

The music again poured out of the little room. There had been an autumnal solemnity, a pomp of doomed splendor in the music Theo had first heard; but this was all springtime, flashing with wings and young water. It was brief, gay, and lyrical, ended so soon that Theo was left sorrowing at the passing of it almost before he knew it had begun.

Then Elsie came to the window, still holding the bow and fiddle, and called softly down into the darkness, "Alec! I know you're there."

Alec answered her in the same hushed conspiring voice:

"Well, Else. That was grand."

"Why, Alec! What's the matter with your voice?" she asked.

"You know damn well. I'm crying."

"But, Alec, what's there to cry about? It was nothing but dancing and singing."

"Aren't dancing and singing something to cry about in this bloody world?" Alec asked roughly. "There's so little of 'em, Else."

Her laugh tinkled down to him. "I'd better play you a Dead March. Then you'll split yourself laughing."

Theo could just make out Alec rubbing his sleeve across his eyes. "Look, Else. Come down and play in the bar parlor. All the boozers are crowded at the foot of the stairs with mugs in their hands, listening to you. The landlord would love it if you'd come down."

Theo was shaken with indignation. That Elsie should play to a room full of beer-swilling sots was something that seemed like a desecration. He waited to hear her firm refusal.

"But, Alec, what a glorious idea!" she cried, and whisked away at once from the window. Alec ran eagerly out of the yard. Theo stood for a moment planted where he was, baffled by the enigma of the Dillworths. Elsie playing like an angel, Alec weeping like a sorrowful faun; and then the pair of them rushing off to appear in a room full of tobacco smoke and beer and village toppers. It was beyond him. He felt he would never understand them.

When Theo came out from the yard, the village street was serene under the flat light of the climbing moon. He filled his pipe and walked slowly past the front of the inn, feeling deserted, an outsider, uncertain of where he stood with anybody. Suddenly he turned about, walked through the inn door, thrust his stick into the hall stand, and, still grasping his pipe in his teeth, swung open the door of the bar parlor. Hardly pausing now to see who was in the room, seeing only that the piano stool of worn button-studded leather was empty, and that Elsie, fiddle in hand, was standing near it, he strode to the stool, threw open the piano, and slammed out the opening bar of the first popular melody that came into his head. He was aware that Elsie's violin had taken up the tune, that a silence had fallen upon the bar parlor, and that the state of the piano combined with his execution, which was little more than a vigorous vamping, was producing sounds that must be excruciating to Elsie's ear. But something pushed him through. The performance ended, and in a daze he heard the "Bravos!" the pot-thumpings.

Every one at once began to shout his favorite tune, and for the next hour these favorites were dealt with by Theo with a thumping heartiness and by Elsie as best she could in the circumstances. She finished up by playing, alone, the Londonderry Air, and then Alec, who was slightly excited by drink, shouted, "I shall now recite The Derbyshire Ram," and, standing by the piano, proceeded forthwith to do so. Theo was deeply annoyed with Alec as gust after gust of laughter greeted the ribald sallies of the old ballad. He stole a glance at Elsie, standing in a corner of the room, excited, with lips parted and eyes shining, and he saw that she was enjoying this roistering salacious tale as much as anybody. Then she slipped from the room, and Theo said, "I'll take a breath of air, Alec."

Alec went with him. They walked gravely up and down the street in the moonlight. "You see, Chrystal," said Alec, managing his words and his feet with some care, "the great heart of the people. The throbbing heart of humanity. Good for poets and parsons. I shouldn't be surprised, Chrystal, if that's the first time you've come into touch, man to man, with Jesus Christ's clientele. We'll make something of you yet."

THE next morning Theo persuaded Elsie to go with him down to the old Speedwell Mine.

At the bottom she gave a little shiver and said, "It is cold down here."

"Yes," said Theo. "I feared it might be. I brought this cloak for you to wear when we get to the boat."

"Thank you," she said.

He was glad that she did not protest, that she so naturally accepted this small attention, and she was glad that he had thought to bring the cloak for her. Alec would not have done that. It would never have entered his mind. He would simply have damned himself, when it was too late, for not having brought it.

Since last night Elsie had moved ahead in her liking for Theo. She had never before seen him in a mood which convinced her of its spontaneity and frankness. He had always been a young parson, inclined, as she put it to herself, to watch his step. But last night she had felt a new tenderness for the good-looking boy so abominably thumping on the piano, the more so because she guessed he had not wanted to be there, and had come only because he thought in some way he was bringing protection to her.

THE lantern light fell in an oily gleam on the narrow canal and showed the boat waiting there at the foot of the steps. Their conductor cleared his throat and began his familiar tale: "The Speedwell Mine, on whose exploration we are about to embark . . ."

Elsie was looking at him wide-eyed, ready to take in his romantic chronicle, but Theo, pressing a shilling into his hand said, "Let us go quietly—do you mind? I think we should prefer that."

The man got into the boat. Theo hung the coat on Elsie's shoulders and handed her in after him.

He wished there were a little more light for him to look upon the fair face of his Proserpine. Huddled in the cloak, with the candle behind her, she was nothing but a black silhouette upon the pale yellow light that gleamed fitfully upon the rocky walls sliding by. Her face was all but invisible, but he noted with pleasure how the light caught in her hair, making it shine like fine-drawn gold wire.

He leaned toward her and asked in a whisper, "You're not cold?"

Elsie leaned her head toward his. Their foreheads almost touched. "No," she said. "Thank you for bringing the cloak."

Oh, God! he thought. What agony this is! They were closer together than he and Adela had been in the cab. Now he understood the torture Adela had endured; understood how the longing for physical touch had overcome her and caused her to press his hand upon her breast. Beneath his eye he could see Elsie's hands folded together like white flowers in her lap. He longed to take them in his own. As if divining his intention, she drew away, sat straight up, and began to rub her hands together.

He came over from his seat and sat beside Elsie on hers. She moved across to make room for him, and was aware of the currents shooting between them as, on the narrow thwart, they could not but sit with thigh to thigh. She sat defensively silent, and Theo felt a dryness of his lips and throat. She could not fail to notice the huskiness of his voice as he said, "It's a pity Alec didn't come. He would have enjoyed this." But she knew and he knew that his words were only a veil hung for a moment between them and the reality of what they were thinking, and Elsie was less surprised than Theo when he took her hand and held it in both of his. He could feel his own limbs trembling, but was not prepared for the violent agitation that tingled to him through her fingers. She turned her head and, with eyes now more accustomed to the darkness, looked with sad speculation at the pale glimmer of his face. He chafed her hand between his, then held her fingers tight. She continued to shudder, looking back now down the long perspective of twinkling lights that the guide had placed along the walls.

Theo could not understand the fear that took hold of him. He thought he would never forget the sadness of that look she had turned upon him, as if from a distance he could not hope to bridge, as if her mind for some reason he could not guess would never sanction the eagerness of her body.

He was perplexed and alarmed and wished their first approach had been in the sunshine. His spirit was oppressed by the presence of the mute Charon at his back silently pushing them over this irksome Styx.

"Aren't we nearly there?" he asked with unintended sharpness.

"Ay," said the man. "Listen!"

From far off came the rumor of falling waters, and now its sound increased till the tube they traveled through was full of its noise and vibration.

We must be an immense distance under the earth, Theo thought. One hundred steps down, and then this canal had run straight in, with the land rising sharply above it to a mountain's height. Now what had been a vague and indistinguishable increasing roar became recognizably the sound of water spouting and falling.

The boat grated alongside a rough wooden jetty. "Well, we're here," said the man. Deprived of his smooth story he had not many words, and seemed to wonder if he should speak at all.

Theo released Elsie's hand. She had ceased to shudder, but her limbs seemed rigid. He stepped first out of the boat and leaned down to help her on to the wharf. Two



souls arrived in Hades, he thought. We're as happy as that.

The light of the candle which the man carried threw a fitful and insufficient gleam upon the immensities that enclosed them. The chill of lightless aeons was in the majestic thunder of the water. It slid in an icy river out of the rock, gleamed darkly for a moment on the cavern's floor, then plunged over a rocky lip into a profundity that the eye could not measure.

Shrouded in Theo's great cloak, Elsie, a child of the streets and their mean securities, stood with one hand on the rail at the edge of the abyss, affrighted by the sublimities that assailed her eye and ear. Theo could see that she felt small and weak and wretched; and his mind went back to the music that he had heard last night as he stood beneath her window. She belongs to all this, he thought. This is full of the spirit that is in herself; but she needs an arm to lean on. A compassion for her smallness and loneliness flooded him; and he was glad when she turned and laid her arm on his and walked back to the boat.

The silence of the tunnel laid a quietness upon them. They sat side by side, and their eyes, turned back toward the falling water, rested always on darkness. By the gleam of the lantern which the boatman had left at the foot of the stairway they climbed the hundred steps, and when the door at the top was opened the full blaze of the July noon made them blink. Alec was lounging near the entrance and came forward with what Theo thought was a keen inquisitorial look. But he said nothing except: "We'd better get back now and have something to eat." Then they trudged away together down the sunny road. They passed a letter box and Alec dropped a letter into it.

He said with studied casualness, "I've written a note to Dan Dunkerley, letting him know where I am."

"Oh, Alec!" Elsie exclaimed. "He'll call you back."

"Possibly he will," Alec answered; and Theo knew that there was no "possibly" about it; that Alec would certainly be recalled, and that he had posted his letter in order that he might be.

"It should reach Dan by the first post in the morning," Alec said. "So we shall soon be put out of our misery. If he wants me, he won't write; he'll send a telegram. We shall know before this time tomorrow."

He seemed in high spirits and ate generously. Neither Theo nor Elsie shared his ebullience, and Elsie said the morning was too hot for walking. She would go to her room and rest.

The afternoon post brought Theo a letter from Lady Pinson, and he was disgusted with himself at the reluctance he felt to open it.

I don't want to think about Adela, Theo said to himself. Not now. Not till there is some shape in things, one way or the other.

"My dear Theo: Thank you for your letter," he read. "I cannot tell you how valuable your sympathy is to me at a time like this. I am not referring particularly to my father's death. After all, he was an old man, and now that the shock of the suddenness of his end has been survived, my life goes on much as before.

"No, it is not to this that I am referring, but to something that I hesitate to allude to at all. Dear Theo, I only wish to say that I would not be ashamed of what happened if it had not happened *after* you had begun to tell me about yourself and Miss Dillworth. It is difficult for me to write this, but I must say something to relieve my heart of the shame I feel. I want you to know that I wish you happiness. I can guess that you were going to ask my advice as to whether you should marry a girl who, as you said, is not perhaps of the station people would expect you to choose your wife from. Do not have any hesitation. Marry where your love is. You would not marry a person of scandalous life, and nothing else matters.

"There is nothing else I want to say, dear Theo, except this: You are poor, and so is she. So are many of the best people I know. I am rich, and by my father's death senselessly richer than ever. Can I do nothing, unobtrusively, perhaps through Mr. Burnside, to make things on that side more comfortable for Miss Dillworth? It is difficult, but you must think of a way; and you must know, dear Theo, that whatever I may be able in the future to do for your career will be done as though there had never been any threat to the perfection of our friendship. That you permitted it to be only a threat that came to nothing is another reason for my signing myself

"Ever yours most gratefully,

"ADELA PINSON."

Theo folded the letter thoughtfully and put it in his wallet. He felt, for once, humble. It is a love letter, he said to himself. If she had written in burning phrases, it could not have been more undoubtedly a love letter.

ELSIE knew that Alec was not in the yard tonight. She was playing to no one but Bim, propped up against the pillow. He was the only doll Elsie had ever had. Years ago Alec had made him and christened him.

Bim was never washed in those days. Now he was often washed and his raggy entrails were renewed; but he remained Bim, for whom Alec would from time to time buy a new ribbon, and the ribbon at this moment, as Bim sat up in bed while Elsie played, was decorated with a brooch in which one real diamond twinkled in the candle shine. It was the only jewelry Alec had ever bought.

Theo could not know of this vital imaginative background of Bim, so that Elsie's words conveyed nothing to his mind when she stopped suddenly in her tracks the next morning and exclaimed, "I've forgotten Bim! He's in the bed!"

It was again a day of grilling heat. Dan Dunkerley's telegram had come, and, as Theo had expected, there was a rush to pack bags and be off. For he had made up his mind the night before that if Elsie went he would go too, and they were hurrying through the hot sunshine when Elsie stopped and uttered the cry that Theo found meaningless: "I've forgotten Bim!"

Alec had been in high spirits, but now he flamed into annoyance. "Oh, damn and blast you!" he cried. "You'll be forgetting your fiddle next." Theo was shocked to hear Alec speak in that way to Elsie, and hardly less to see that she took it as a matter of course.

"Who is Bim?" he asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No," Alec answered surlily, "there isn't. You two go on." He turned and began to run back toward Castleton, and Theo and Elsie set off together.

"Who is Bim?" he asked again.

"A bundle of rags." She seemed in a bad mood.

"Couldn't we have written to have it sent on?"

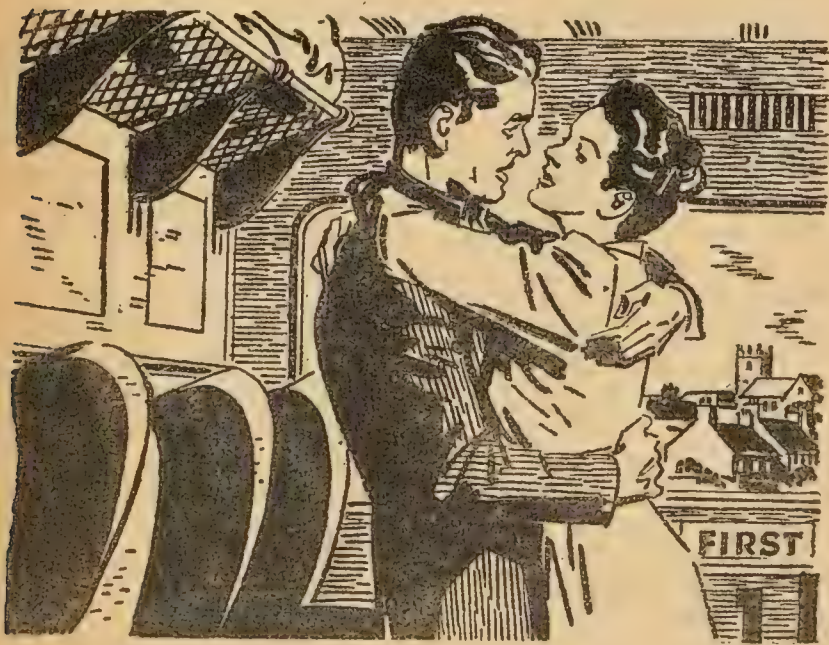
"No, we couldn't."

Theo was deeply puzzled. "I don't think I shall ever understand you two," he said with a sigh.

"No," said Elsie, "I don't suppose you will."

They said no more, and trudged on to the station in silence.

It was only when the train drew into the station that



Theo's heart gave a sudden leap as he saw that this annoying diversion might work to his advantage. He put Elsie in, and then stood with the window down, leaning out to signal to Alec when he arrived, but hoping all the time that he would arrive too late. He was aware that his stance at the window prevented Elsie from leaving the compartment if she wished to do so. And she did. When the engine gave its first panting cough, she put an arm round him and tried to pull him aside. "Let me get out," she said. "I'll wait for Alec. We'll come on the next train."

But Theo stayed where he was. The train was already moving when Alec rushed into the station, waving a bundle of rags. Theo saw him try to mount the train, saw a porter seize him and pull him back. All this time Elsie's arm was tight round him. He turned slowly within that disturbing girdle and saw her eyes close to his. Her hat had been thrown onto a seat. Her hair was a little loosened and her forehead was pearly with sweat, and when he put an arm around her waist and drew her to him he was surprised by the passion with which she took his lips.

Standing between the seats, they remained locked in each other's arms, till a swerve of the train threw them apart. Then they sat, facing each other. Elsie was the first to break the silence. "It was me you wanted to come to Hope—not Alec. Wasn't it?" she asked.

Theo nodded. "Thank you," said Elsie politely. "I wanted to be sure of that. What did you want me for?"

"I wanted to ask you to marry me," Theo said simply.

"What do you see in me?" she asked wonderingly.

"All that I want."

She turned on him then with a look of pity and hopelessness that perplexed him. "You know nothing about me," she said. "If you knew one half of it, you'd know that I am the last person you should dream of marrying."

He crossed over and sat beside her and pulled her down till she almost lay across his knees. He could feel again the trembling that had shaken her before. "You love me," he said. "When I touch you, you are helpless." He bent and kissed her again. Her arms went round his neck, and she hung there with her sky-green eyes looking with naked passion into his.

"Yes," she sighed, "I am helpless when you touch me." She managed a wan defenseless smile. "I didn't think," she said, "this was how a parson proposed."

"Don't call me a parson," said Theo. "Not now. I'm a man."

Something of the cynical Dillworth grin lightened her face. "Yes," she said, "I see that. But you're asking me to be a parson's wife, and that's something special, or ought to be. Have I got to have sense for both of us?"

"I don't know what you mean," he said testily. "If you and I marry, what has it got to do with anybody?"

"You'd find out," she said, "that it had a lot to do with many people. You don't know a thing about me, and there are plenty of things you ought to know."

Theo took hold of her again, and asked ardently, "Elsie. My love. Do we need to know anything more than that we love each other?"

She shook him off and moved over to the opposite seat. "Yes," she said sturdily. "Many things."

She felt sick with longing for him. She wanted to shout all that he ought to hear, tear it out of her breast and throw it at his feet. Then she would know; then she would be able to give herself to him with a passion that would devastate him. Either that, or bear as best she could the bitter knowledge that he had not loved her enough.

There was a long silence between them. Theo knew nothing of the shattering debate that was passing in her mind as she sat with a pale set face watching the hot countryside slip by the window. But she knew that she could not do it; not now. She could see with sharp imaginative clarity the horror and grief that her confession would write upon his face. No; she could not tell him now; it would be like cutting a loving child to the heart. She felt worn out by the struggle within her mind; immensely old, soiled, and sinful. Her eyes closed, and tears squeezed themselves out beneath the translucent lids. They were her undoing; for Theo gathered her again into his arms, and kissed her eyelids. "Elsie! My darling! What have I said—what have I done—to hurt you?" he murmured.

She relaxed in his arms like a child. There was no passion in her now; only a great ease after tiredness, a tranquillity and trust so deep that she soon slept quietly on his shoulder. Theo cradled her gently in his arm, kissed her now and then on the forehead, and felt deeply moved to see how, every time he did this, a smile passed over the sleeping face like a sun ray over a clouded field. He was content to hold her thus, to let all passion sleep.

"THIS new house," said Alec to Elsie, "is a great waste of money. I suppose in a year or so your violin teacher will be sending you to Vienna, and soon after that you will be gallivanting all over the world. As for me, I don't propose to end my days in Manchester. So why have we done it? Why couldn't we have stayed where we were?"

"I've loved doing it anyway," said Elsie.

"Miss Small," Alec shouted through the open door, "you may come and clear away."

Miss Small, who was small even for her fourteen years, came in with a grin on her plain pudgy little face. She thought Mr. Dillworth was a caution, but she liked being called Miss Small. It was better than her real name, Sarah Longbottom. Altogether, she was in danger of becoming a hero worshiper, what with Mr. Dillworth being, as she put it to herself, "such a one," and Miss Dillworth being so beautiful.

She came in now with devoted alacrity, piled the crockery onto her tray, and panted off to the kitchen. A few moments later Alec set off to town and Elsie went out into the small back garden. The light of the temperate sun fell on the bloom of the goldenrod. She saw then that two butterflies were alighted there. They had been invisible to her with their wings closed, but now they opened them to the caress of the sun. She stood entranced. Never had Elsie seen such bewitching creatures. She was so near to them that she could see their peacock markings, the feathers of tender down upon their wings, the delicate twitching of their antennae. Oh, to have such jewels in one's own garden, and to have Theo's letter in

one's pocket! She trembled with happiness and fear. All was so beautiful! All so fugitive!

A bench had been built round the apple tree, and sitting there, leaning against the trunk, Elsie took out Theo's letter. It had come yesterday while Alec was out, and she was glad of that. He would have questioned her remorselessly.

She had never expected to receive a letter from Theo. It was all part of the coil she found herself in, so dreadful and so delicious. Sometimes she prayed for resolution to end the whole matter, to put it to the touch once for all. Sooner or later that must come, but she shrank from it as from suicide. Her love had been a torment. She had always liked Theo, but it was not till she had put her arms about him that the flood was loosed in her and she felt that she was lost. It was as though her flesh had touched hot iron and adhered to what scorched it. She felt she could not pull herself away without leaving her living flesh behind.

She remembered how she had slept in Theo's arms, and how he had gently awakened her in the dirty station at Manchester. They had carried the bags to her house, and then Theo had said simply, "Well, there it is, my darling. We are engaged to be married."

"No."

"Yes."

She couldn't stand there bandying words with him at the front door in that terribly public street. She looked at him despairingly, mutely begging him to have pity upon her, and all he gave her was a smile of confidence and triumph. "Theo, I love you," she said.

"And I will marry you," he prompted. But she did not say it. She turned and went swiftly into the house.

IT WAS in many ways the most terrible day she had ever lived through. Alec had come home in a raging temper. When they quarreled, they quarreled bitterly, and they quarreled that night, as people who love each other will quarrel, torturing themselves with the knowledge that it was all about nothing; that nothing—nothing whatever—could easily divide them eternally. Finally Alec had wandered off aimlessly into the street, and she had gone supperless to bed, with her head splitting in the heat of the night.

The next morning she had gone to see Mr. Burnside. He invited her to join him at breakfast and looked at her keenly. "You look very tired, my dear," he said, and she answered him simply, "I feel as if I'd be glad to die."

"You mustn't do that just yet," he said with a smile. "Simmons would be too disappointed."

He poured her some coffee and saw with pleasure that his mention of her music teacher had brightened her sad face. "What does he say?" she asked eagerly. "For all I know of what he thinks, I might as well be working for a stone monkey."

"He is not displeased with you. That is as far as he goes. But I think that I shall be justified if I break a confidence. It is always dangerous to praise or encourage a fool or a mere pretender, but there are people who would be all the better for a bit of appreciation. You are one of them, Elsie, and I think it will be all to the good if I tell you that Simmons has been here to see me, to ask how we can raise the money to send you to Austria."

She was watching his face with a child's grave attentiveness. But her heart was in a tumult. All that had seemed to have the dazzle of a fairy tale, and a fairy tale's mad improbability—foreign lands, popular applause—slipped perceptibly a step nearer to sober reality as Mr. Burnside spoke. It had long been a bright cloud on the far horizon; now, when it should have been falling upon her in refreshing dew, it struck her heart with the piercing chill of winter rain.

"How long should I be away?" she almost whispered.

"It could hardly be less than a couple of years," said Mr. Burnside. He thought she looked almost haggard, and said encouragingly, "There would, of course, be holidays."

Then she smiled again. Holidays and Theo! "What a fool I am!" she cried. "It sounded at first like a sentence."

"It is characteristic of you artists," said Mr. Burnside with mock severity, "that you take the cash side of things

for granted. You haven't even bothered to ask whether I have succeeded in raising the money that Simmons thinks will be necessary. No doubt you believe this is something the world owes you and should do gladly."

"Well—" Elsie began. But Mr. Burnside, filling his pipe, interrupted. "I'm not sure you would be wrong. Anyway," he added triumphantly, "I've got the money. I wrote to a lady whom I have known for a long time. Her brother and I were at Oxford together. She's very rich and very generous, and she loves music. She is the woman you are indebted to. I mean Lady Adela Pinson. You may have heard young Chrystal speak of her. You won't mention this to anybody, particularly to him. Lady Adela, for some reason or other, especially asks me not to let him know that she is doing this. Remember her in your prayers, my dear, if you ever pray. She is a good woman."

"If I became a great violinist—"

"You *are* a great violinist, Elsie."

"Listen," she said with the gravity of a child. "How could I marry if I had to travel all over the world and my husband had work which kept him here in England?"

Mr. Burnside saw there was serious matter afoot. "What are you trying to tell me, my dear?" he asked.

"Mr. Chrystal wants to marry me, and I love him—terribly, terribly."

For a moment Mr. Burnside was too dumfounded to speak, and Elsie thought she had never seen a face so full of pity and despair as Mr. Burnside's was. "God help you, child," he said at last. He rose from the chair and began to pace the room. The slow *slush-slush* of his worn felt slippers went on as though it would never stop. At last she could bear it no longer and she asked sharply, "What do you mean—God help me?"

"Have you told him that you will marry him?"

"I haven't said yes or no."

"Why not?"

"Well, surely to goodness," she burst out, "you know—"

"Yes, my dear," he said with infinite compassion, "I know. I know everything about you. I wish to God I didn't. Then I could keep my mouth shut."

"There's no need for *you* to worry," she said, pitying his distress. "I'm used to worry, and I shall worry through this. I shall tell him everything, don't you fear, and then, you'll see, it will be all right."

"God grant it may."

"Would *you* mind? Would you think I was all wrong for a parson's wife?"

HE considered the question anxiously for a moment, then said, "I think you are a splendid woman, Elsie. I wouldn't have a moment's hesitation in expecting the happiest result from your marriage to a man with your own outlook on life and your own aspirations. But you ask me whether I think you would be all wrong for a parson's wife. And I do. You will probably have a career that will separate your life almost entirely from your husband's, and in addition to this, there have been such unhappy facts in your life that the chances are, the world being what it is, that those facts will come out and the consequent scandal will ruin your husband's life. Do you see any hope of happiness in such a situation?"

He had been speaking very quietly, but now he cried aloud: "And yet, child, you are so in my heart that, God forgive me, I'd take the chance."

Elsie was deathly white. "Thank you," she said. "You have been very frank."

He laid a hand on her shoulder. "And terribly unkind."

"You certainly didn't use an anesthetic."

"What will you do now?"

"I shall marry him, if he still wants to marry me when he knows everything."

"Are you strong enough to tell him?"

"Not at the moment. But I hope to be."

"Would you like me to do it for you?"

"No. He would hate you. If he's to hate anybody, let it be me."

She held out her hand, he clasped it. He said, "Despite everything, you are so young, my dear. As an old man—an old loving friend—I beg you not to delay in doing what you have to do."

"I'm not in any hurry to break my heart."

"In these circumstances," said Mr. Burnside, "I have a responsibility to Chrystal as well as to you. In three months' time, if you have not told him, I shall do so myself. Till then, I shall say nothing, but I am a fool to give you that much."

"This would be a gorgeous world," she said, "if it were full of fools like you."

When he heard the iron slam of the gate, he stepped to the window and watched her. At the corner she collided with Theo Chrystal, who, Mr. Burnside thought, had evidently been coming to see him. But he did not come. He and Elsie stood for a moment talking with animation in the bright sunshine, then side by side they disappeared round the corner. Mr. Burnside's heart was heavy with foreboding as he turned back into his shabby room.

THAT was two months ago—two months for Elsie of living at a tension she had never thought she would be called on to endure. She knew that this was all she was fated to have: this exaltation of body and spirit that must soon, now, come to a climax, snap, and leave her, as she thought, exhausted and done for. She had no doubt that Theo would retreat in horror from the whole situation, once he understood what it was. But she was possessed; she could not act differently, and whenever she was in Theo's arms unreason took control and whispered that even yet—despite all—the doom would be averted.

To lose a week out of so short a time was almost more than she could bear, and she wondered whether it was a trick of Mr. Burnside's to keep her and Theo apart. There were three decrepit old women and one small crippled child whom the vicar had sent to Blackpool to snatch a week's good air before the winter came on, and he had commissioned Theo to attend this pathetic handful of holiday makers.

SITTING under the tree, with a dapple of sunshine on the page, Elsie opened the letter. She had read it before; she felt she would read it many times:

"Elsie. My dearest Elsie. My darling Elsie. My sweet and adorable Elsie. I have tried them all over, and scores of others, but not one of them says more than Elsie, because Elsie says everything that matters to me. We shall be married, despite all your warnings that I must not take it for granted; and then you will teach me the secret of melting off this polar icecap that seems to fit me so terribly closely.

"You alone can save me. I feel it in my bones. When I know you inside out, even this awful secret you threaten some day to reveal, and when I accept you not for what I believe you to be but for what you are—and that, I know, is essentially love and goodness—why, then my own salvation will begin.

"Forgive this letter. If it has done nothing else it will have shown you that I am not happy away from you. Send me a little note to say you are thinking of me, and believe me, my darling, ever your devoted lover,

"THEO."

When Theo returned from Blackpool he found a letter awaiting him, containing an invitation to a lunch to celebrate the opening of Dunkerley House. The all-powerful god Success had smiled on Hard Facts, and so this card which Theo was turning over in his hands was of beautiful translucent pasteboard, gilt-edged, charmingly printed, and half a dozen of Manchester's most distinguished names appeared in the list of those who would propose toasts or respond to them. A sheet of paper heavily embossed with "Dunkerley Publications" and the address was enclosed with the card, and on it was scribbled, "Dear Chrystal: Come along and have a look at the building any time. D. D."

Theo had returned in time for lunch. The afternoon was his, and with a great sense of relief he walked to town.

Dunkerley House was now finished down to its smallest nail and last lick of paint as Theo stood looking up from across the road. A hand fell heavily and heartily on his shoulder, and he turned to find Dan Dunkerley at his side, looking at this crystallization of so much hope, so many labors. His dark blue eyes shone with an enthusiast's passion. There was even a catch in his voice as he

said, "Come along now, let's explore what Dillworth calls the entrails of the white elephant."

His brother-in-law George Satterfield was waiting as they came into Dunkerley's office, and evidently he was in a bad mood. He greeted Theo with a casual nod, and at once burst out: "Oh, there you are at last, Dan. I've been waiting. I've got a bone to pick with you. I've just been into Dillworth's room, and on the mantelpiece there's a card of invitation to Mr. Dillworth and Miss Elsie Dillworth to the lunch."

"Any objection?"

"Yes, the strongest objection. We agreed to ask Alec Dillworth. Nothing was said about his sister. We can't ask a woman like that to a gathering that we want to be, above all things, dignified and *comme il faut*."

Theo felt his ears burning and his face white. He got up. "I'd better be going," he said.

"Sit down," Dan commanded. "This doesn't concern you. Just wait a moment and we'll go round the building. Now, George, let me tell you that when you ask Elsie Dillworth you're not asking ragtag and bobtail. You're asking a remarkable woman, one you'll be damned lucky to get to any of your shows in a few years' time. I issued that invitation and it stands."

Theo could have got up and applauded as he heard Dan utter these words, saw his stubborn chin thrust out, and watched his closed fist come down on the blotter. Even George Satterfield seemed for a moment nonplused; but only for a moment. "What she is now," he cried, "is one thing, and I'm not at all impressed by fiddling like you are! What I'm talking about is what she once was, and that's as well known to you as to me. And to many others. Are we to ask some of the best-known women in Manchester, respectable women, to meet a young—"

Dan Dunkerley had risen in his wrath. His eyes were blazing. "Silence!" he thundered. "I will not hear you."

Satterfield was overcome by the threat that hung palpably in the air. Dan's face, which had reddened with his anger, slowly paled, but he remained standing till George Satterfield had left the room. Then he sat down and said, "Now, Chrystal, we'll have some tea sent up here to fortify us for our tour."

ON the morning of the party, Elsie felt strong and resolute. This is a new day, she said. This is the beginning of something—either of me alone, or of me and Theo. As soon as Alec was gone, she went to Manchester. At the most stylish hairdresser's she knew she gave precise orders. She had long ago determined what she would do with her hair when she was a solo violinist, and this was to be done now. The veil was shorn away, and her hair, which curled naturally, was arranged in innumerable tendrils on her head and neck. Nothing of her beauty was gone, but it was pointed and given a striking significance and individuality.

The sky-green eyes and white skin framed in the dark red aureole of her hair had a challenging intensity that startled even herself.

A cab took her home and waited while she changed. She wore a dress of the color of young beech leaves—the tenderest green that can anywhere be found. She put a sash of magnolia-flower cream about her waist and a scarf of the same color on her head. Thumbelina Small went up and looked into the bedroom to announce, "The cabman says to hurry up, Miss Dillworth." Elsie was just turning from the mirror, and the child stared at her with a sagging mouth. "Lor', Miss Dillworth, you do look different," she gasped.

"Thumbs," said Elsie, "there are times when you need all you've got." She patted Thumbelina's head and ran down to the cab.

She had cut it fine. The party had already assembled at the tables, and Alec, waiting for her in the lounge, was beginning to fume. But when he saw her, his annoyance vanished in a wave of joy. "Well!" he said. "If you had asked me, I should never have allowed you to have it cut off. But you were right. It's perfect. It's you at last."

Well, thought Elsie, hurrying to her place, tonight will see the end of my affair one way or another. . . .

The tables looked beautiful, with golden chrysanthemums in the vases; the air was full of an excited hub-

bub of conversation. This was ended suddenly when Dan Dunkerley gave a nod to the toastmaster, who stood behind his chair, and the gavel rapped smartly on the table. The voice was stentorian: "My lord, ladies, and gentlemen: pray silence for the Reverend Theodore Chrystal, who will say grace."

Elsie hardly had time to compose herself in her seat when Theo was on his feet, waiting for silence. Now he began to speak: "Bless, O God . . ."

In that instant Elsie knew that, though she must play her hand to the end, all was lost. Her very bones seemed to shiver when she heard sacred names on lips so familiar. Now, suddenly, as though a fog had lifted, she saw unsuspected territories of Theo's being, to which she had never been admitted.

As for Theo, he couldn't help a sense of disturbance when he caught sight of Elsie at last. She was the only woman in the room without a hat, and she stood out like a parrot among sparrows. The sight of her head startled him; all these red tendrils brushed away upward from her white forehead, clustering about her ears and behind her neck made her look both bewitching and dangerous. He was vaguely afraid of her; she had an abnormal air overcharged with peril. Unable to take his eyes off her, he was troubled again by the recollection of that scene in Dan Dunkerley's room. What had Satterfield been hinting at? Then she smiled at him, and, far away as she was, the enticement of the smile renewed all his disturbance, made him long for nothing but to be alone with her again.

ELSIE was in the lounge when she saw Theo coming almost side by side with a man she had not seen for two years but who clearly recognized her. They came toward her, each unaware that the other was anything to her; and she felt a chill of the heart as these two young men approached, seeing in them the incarnation of her past and her future, one of which today must destroy the other. She did not know for a moment what to do, and then in an access of panic she walked swiftly away. She hoped she might find an unoccupied cab at the door. To get out of the sight of this man whose name she did not even know but who had such intimate knowledge of her.

But the man was not to be eluded so easily as this. He started quickly after her, took her by the arm, and cried, "Why, Elsie! You're not going to run away, are you? Don't you remember me?"

There was nothing for it but to stop and face him, and she did so with a tragic resignation that wrung Theo's heart. But the stranger was in no state for sensitive perceptions. Still holding Elsie's arm, he tried to lead her toward a chair, saying, "Let's have a drink and a talk." At this moment Theo stepped forward. "Miss Dillworth," he said formally, "may I call you a cab?"

She felt she was beyond anything—beyond hope and fear and caring. She put both men suddenly aside, ran out of the hotel, and called a cab for herself.

The stranger looked at Theo, more than a little surprised at the intervention of this handsome young parson.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know you were with the young lady. You called her Miss Dillworth. Is she any relation to Alec?"

"His sister," Theo said, regarding him with cold distaste.

"I never knew that."

"But you seemed to claim her acquaintance."

"I only knew her as Elsie. It was all rather—shall we say free and easy?"

"I see," said Theo. "Good day to you, sir." And he left, plodding homeward in a mood of depression and despondency. I can't stand this place, he thought. I've given it a fair trial, and I can't stand it. I shall marry Elsie, and then we'll get out of this altogether. But even as he thought this, he knew that it was not Manchester that was depressing him: it was Elsie herself. He was sick and tired of a sense of the furtive that had crept into his relationship with Elsie. He would call on Elsie tonight and square the matter up one way or the other once and for all.

He felt a little more cheerful once this decision was made, and more cheerful still when he was back in his

room. Then he saw the letter lying on his table. It was from Lady Pinson. It was addressed from the Bishop of Chanctonbury's palace.

"My dear Theo: You see I am not writing to you from Cotter's Court, and possibly I shall never write to you from there again.

"For some time I have been troubled about money. You know me well enough, I am sure, to realize that I could never be happy if I used all my privileges—which I have done little enough to deserve—merely to gratify my own whims and fancies. I have often felt appalled at the temptation I was in to lead an utterly useless life. But I shall not need to do this. For a long time past my brother Adrian and a number of his friends at Oxford have been anxious to found a new public school, open mainly to the sons of the clergy and other professional men who are not able easily to afford the fees charged elsewhere.

"I have now made a start possible. The school will be called Beckwith, which was my father's surname. Cotter's Court is being rapidly remodeled as the nucleus of the school, in which the first scholars will be housed; but ultimately it will become quarters for the staff, or something of that sort. In the meantime, my brother and I, with his long-suffering domestic chaplain and other members of the committee, are up to the eyes in prospectuses, architects' plans, builders' estimates, and all sorts of matters which keep me occupied day and night. There will be the delicate question of choosing the Headmaster, and he, I suppose, will have to choose the staff—a small enough one to begin with, but our ultimate ambitions are pretty large!

"These are exciting days for me. However, they do not cause me to leave you and your welfare for long out of my mind. I hope, dear Theo, I may still expect to have news of you. A longer time has passed since last you wrote than I could have wished. Whatever concerns you cannot fail to interest me, and if there is anything you want to tell me about either your work or the development of your private life, do please remember that I am—and always shall be

"Your friend and sincere well-wisher,
"ADELA PINSON."

The development of my private life! thought Theo. Well, my dear Adela, we shall be able to give you some



information about that tomorrow, one way or the other. And what, he wondered, could "the other" amount to? What alternatives were there? He turned the letter about in his hand. "The Palace, Chanctonbury Episcopi." An attractive address.

ELSIE went slowly and draggily up the stairs; Miss Small stood at the bottom, feeling each heavy step as though it were planted on her heart. But there was nothing she could do, and so when she had heard the bedroom door shut, she went into the kitchen and sadly sat down, rocking quietly in the quiet house.

Presently the chair ceased rocking. Thumbelina's head began to nod, and a small neat snore sounded in the kitchen.

The door-knocker's peremptory rap brought the child awake with a start, and she hastened to the door. She was surprised to find that the caller was her mother. She could not remember a time when she had been glad to see her mother, and she was not glad now. Mrs. Longbottom's violent quarrelsome nature had raised such enmity that she could hardly venture into the street without risk of having her hair pulled down.

Thumbelina within the doorway, looking up into the bloated face, saw that one of the old explosions was about to take place.

"Get inside, you, and get your box packed," Mrs. Longbottom said, and taking Thumbelina by the shoulder she gave her a vigorous shove, so that she reeled backward and collided with the hatstand.

THE disturbance brought Elsie downstairs. Mrs. Longbottom advanced toward her and glared into her face. "So you're the slut?" said Mrs. Longbottom.

Thumbelina saw Miss Dillworth go pale, and in anger she cried, "Don't you come here making trouble! You've got no right to talk to Miss Dillworth like that."

Mrs. Longbottom did not answer but landed a flat-hander on the child's cheek that sent her staggering toward the still-open front door, and she would have fallen upon the threshold if a pair of strong arms had not caught her.

Theo propped her upright, looked at her flaming cheek, at this unknown evil-featured woman standing with hands on hips, glaring into Elsie's face.

He shut the door behind him and the passage darkened. He felt as though it was full of evil. In the twilight the woman's voice spoke: "You go and get your box packed, Sarah. I won't have you staying in this house a moment longer."

Her voice rose to a scream. "Look at her! Don't she look what she is? Look at her hair!"

She raised a hand to snatch at Elsie's hair, and Elsie stood there as though she would have suffered it to be done. But Theo grasped the woman's wrist. "What I ought to do with you," he said, "is throw you out into the street. And for two pins I'd do it."

For a moment Mrs. Longbottom quailed, then she recovered her brazen assurance. "All right!" she cried. "Throw me out, and I'll shout all I know from one end of the street to the other. You—you a parson—didn't you ought to know better than to stop a mother from taking her innocent child out of that woman's house? You let go of my hand. You got no right to lay a finger on me, a mother protecting her own poor child."

Theo threw her hand from him, pushed open the door of the sitting room, and said, "Get in there, and if you have anything to say, try and say it intelligently, not like a brawling drunkard."

Mrs. Longbottom moved before him into the room and Elsie followed and sat with her face averted, looking out of the window. Theo shut the door, leaving Thumbelina outside, and as her mother began screaming again Elsie looked at Theo. "Please," she said wearily, "end all this. You do know. There is nothing else for you to know."

The words released a spate from Mrs. Longbottom. "There!" she crowed. "You hear that? You poor bloody fool of a parson. Everybody all over Manchester knows it except you. I was a poor innocent woman when I came into this district, and how could I know till this very day when they began twittin' me in the Bell? There was I, and those women just discovering where my poor Sarah was working, and sniggering and tittering and asking whether my Sarah wasn't a bit young for it. You could've pushed me over! I didn't have the strength to blow the froth off a pint, I was that taken aback. And what could a mother do then, I ask you, but come an' take her lamb into safety?"

Elsie spoke again. "All right," she said. "Take her. Take her and for heaven's sake go."

Theo stood away from the door, and Mrs. Longbottom rushed through it, shouting: "Sarah! Come on now. Pack your box."

There was no answer. Theo and Elsie stood there, without words, listening to the brazen voice becoming more vehement and more obscene. "Come on. I'll find you. You've got a taste for it yourself by now, I shouldn't wonder, but if you have, I'll beat it out of you by inches."

But the child had fled from the house, and presently they heard the door bang. And then there was nothing but the emptiness and the silence and themselves among the ruins. Theo suddenly felt sick and weak.

The room was darkening. He leaned backward upon the table, clutching it with both hands behind him. He



felt his palms sweating and his body shivering. Elsie stood before the window, all the light there was throwing her into relief. She was quite still, like a picture framed in the luminous oblong, with the gossamer muslin of the curtains rising from her shoulders like a wing on either side. Her green dress was of tenuous stuff, and the light shining through it blurred its edges. A priestess of evil, a lascivious Salome: such were the pictures that rose in the mind of Theo, unable to grasp the sorrowful commonplace, the drab monotonous reality.

This was not Elsie he was looking at any more. This was Desire incarnate.

Presently she stirred and said uneasily, "Theo, why don't you go away now? It's all over, isn't it? There's nothing to stay for any more."

She came toward him, and he seized her hungrily, and for a moment she imagined that love for her had overleapt the monstrous circumstances that she had thought to be too much. In that moment she slackened in his arms, expecting to hear the words that would dissolve this ice of misery that was freezing her heart. But no words came, and his grip upon her had so unloverlike a strength that she looked up into his eyes and shuddered to see their frenzied burning in his white face. She was experienced enough to know what fetters and formalities had crumbled in him, and she began to struggle. "Theo! Don't! Don't! For God's sake!" she panted. "You'll never forgive yourself!"

AFTER that first cry Elsie said no more, but fought him with a lithe feline strength. To get out of his grasp, to flee the room and the house, leaving him to come to his senses: that was what she wanted. She heard a crash as a small table went over and a vase splintered on the uncarpeted edge of the floor; and then with a wrench of her body and a push at his chest she was free.

She did not at once escape. The struggle had been too much for her, and she stood panting and fighting for breath. Her dress was in ribbons. Her push had sent Theo almost sprawling. But he came up again, a tatter of green in his hand, and it was at this moment that Alec came into the room. The crashing of the vase had hidden the sound of his key in the door.

At first he could see little; the darkness by now was almost complete. Elsie and Theo remained as if frozen where they were. Gradually Alec's eyes picked the scene

up out of the gray twilight. He saw Chrystal, white and panting and distraught, and Elsie with the gleam of her flesh shining through her torn garments. He said nothing, but slowly he began to move toward Theo, his right hand in his pocket.

Theo was across the room from him, and Elsie stood halfway. It was not till he had passed her that she screamed. She saw what he took from his pocket. "Theo! He's got a knife!"

Theo received that cry like an awakening blow to the brain. He faced about, all his brain now alert, to see that Alec, nothing but a creeping remorseless shadow in the dark room, was advancing upon him. Elsie stood between them, and suddenly Alec yelled and rushed. Theo was aware of the upraised knife, of the blow delivered toward his face, and of Elsie's figure suddenly flung upon his, her arms thrown out, so that he seemed to stand behind a cross.

He heard her groan. There was no more sound than that.

One of Elsie's outflung arms, the left, had dropped to her side. The other was pinned to the solid wood that framed a panel. Alec's blow must have been delivered with a maniac's strength. Her whole sagging body seemed to be hanging from the hilt. Theo lifted her up with a tenderness that remembered nothing of his frenzy. Tears were streaming down his face. Alec stood on a chair and wrenched out the knife. He cried shrilly, "Between us we've crucified her!"

He drew the curtains and lit the gas. Theo laid Elsie on a sofa, and Alec brought hot water and a clean towel. There was not much blood. They bathed the hand and bound it up, and Alec said, "Stay with her while I get a doctor."

He went at once, and Theo sat on a chair by the sofa holding the undamaged hand. Presently Elsie opened her eyes and smiled.

"Well," she said, "this has been a day, hasn't it! Not much more could have happened."

She looked at her swathed hand and said, "Take all that stuff off. I want to see it."

Theo protested, but she began with her left hand to fumble at the wrappings. Then he did it for her. Deep purple bruises were forming back and front and it was swelling to shapelessness. She tried to work her fingers and could not. "I reckon that's the end of it," she said, and it was only then that Theo remembered her music. Tears again broke from his eyes and he tried to put his arm about her to comfort her. But she would not have it. "Bind it up again," she said.

When he had done that, there was a timid knock at the front door. Theo went to see who it was, and found Thumbelina there. She came running into the sitting room and, seeing the bandaged hand, she cried in fright, "Oo, you've been hurt!"

"Sit down, Thumbs," Elsie said, patting the chair that Theo had left. "Yes, I'm afraid I've been hurt. And now," she said to Theo, "you'd better go. There's nothing more to wait for, is there? Now that Thumbs is here, I shall be all right till the doctor comes."

Still he could not believe that this was the end, but she turned from him as though he were no longer there, and he took his hat from the hall stand and went, walking for hours through the dark night before he could trust himself alone in his room.

WHEN he was gone, Elsie said, "Thumbs, go up and bring my fiddle, will you?"

"Oo, Miss Dillworth," the child said, "you can't play with a hand like that! And your lovely dress is all to bits." to bits. Now go and do as I tell you."

"No, Thumbs, I certainly can't play with a hand like that, and I'm afraid a great many things are all to bits. Now go and do as I tell you."

Thumbelina went, and brought the violin downstairs.

"Open the case," Elsie said. "I can't manage it."

Thumbelina took the violin out of the case, and Elsie held it in her left hand. She looked at its rich and lovely color, its shape, slim-waisted like herself. She got to her feet, and for just one moment rested the fiddle beneath her chin, bending down her head with the old familiar

caress. Her curls all fell over sideways. She rubbed her chin and her cheek once or twice upon the silky wood. Thumbelina heard one sob wrench itself out of her throat and her heart as she made this farewell. Then she saw the violin swung through the air and brought crashing down upon the marble corner of the mantelpiece. Elsie threw the remains of it inside the fender and sat down again, trembling.

After a while she said, "Thumbs, I feel very weak, but I can't stay in this room any longer. My brother's gone to fetch a doctor. Let's wait in the garden until he comes back."

They sat on the bench beneath the apple tree, and Elsie put her arm round Thumbelina's waist, and the child sat swinging her legs that could not reach the ground. Presently Thumbelina asked timidly, "Who did it, Miss Dillworth? Was it my mother? Did she hurt you?"

"No, Thumbs. I hurt myself. No one else can do much to you, ever. You do it all to yourself."

Out in the air she felt a little better. But her hand was throbbing and shivers passed through her body. She pulled the child closer to her, for warmth and for affection. It was a still, windless night, without a moon. The sky was full of stars, and against their flashing mosaic a bat floundered through the air as senselessly as humanity, homeless amid a million homes. There was nothing else to see except the bat and the stars as they sat there pressing close to each other, waiting.

EPILOGUE.

March 17, 1887.

Dear Miss Dillworth:

Your letter has reached me through Mr. Burnside. My dear child, I am deeply touched that you should wish to thank me for an intention which, alas! I was never able to fulfill. Forgive me for mentioning a matter which must still, I am sure, cause you much pain. I have never pressed Theo for an explanation of his leaving you, and I have never understood all the ins and outs of the accident that had such terrible consequences for you. Mr. Burnside, I imagine, knows more than he cares to tell me. All he does tell me is that you have no wish to "burden" me with the matter (my dear! it would be no burden), and that, so far as Theo is concerned, this complete nervous breakdown which he has suffered should make it clear to me that the less said about the experiences of his last days in Manchester the better.

Theo has asked me to send you his greetings and to give you some account of what has happened between last September and now. Well, you know that as soon as he was fit to be moved I had him taken to the south of France. It was a long time before he began to make the first steps back to health. He was sunk in the deepest apathy and unhappiness, sleepless for the most part, and, when he did sleep, troubled by the most terrible dreams. But slowly he came back to health, and somehow he seems now graver and more lovable. Perhaps it is just that he has become a man, whereas he was a boy. We were married here at Nice a month ago.

For the time being, Theo will not go back to the work of the Church, though it is my hope that in due course he will do so. I am greatly interested in a school which will be opened a few months hence in what was once my home. Theo has accepted a mastership there, and I think this will be a sphere in which his talents will have full play.

One thing about your note delighted me, and that was to learn that you had written it with your *right* hand. And your description of the way in which with your left hand you must carefully place the pen between the third and fourth fingers of the right shows that you keep a blessed sense of humor. It is beyond words tragic that the doctors have now abandoned hope of bringing about a further improvement. But I am sure you are one of those rare people who thank God for what they have rather than blame Him for what has been taken away.

My dear—will you give me your friendship? I have taken so much from you. Let me take that also.

Ever yours sincerely,

ADELA CHRYSTAL.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY JOSEPH ANTHONY

WHERE HELEN LIES, by Margaret Lane, is a thoughtfully written love story that will evoke a half-pleasant, half-rueful mood of reminiscence in many a reader. It tells what happened when Isabella Denham, an overinquisitive wife, broke the seal on a bundle of letters from an old flame that her husband had tucked away in the attic years before.



Margaret Lane

Charles Denham, who had been living a life of quiet resignation ever since Isabella and her eminently practical mother broke up the half-forgotten romance, found himself, too, growing inquisitive about his love of yesteryear. Together with his homely little adopted daughter, he set out on an expedition to re-discover the past. You won't have much trouble guessing what's going to happen; but, once started on this delightfully fresh journey, you'll want to go along to the end.

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., N. Y. Price \$2.50.

WHEN the Japanese speak defiantly of waging a hundred years' war if necessary, they mean exactly what they say, states Russell Brines in Until They Eat Stones.

The Jap saying from which the book's title is derived is: "We will fight until we eat stones." Mr. Brines explains: "The phrase means they will continue the war until every man—perhaps every woman and child—lies face downward on the battlefield."



Russell Brines

Mr. Brines was Tokyo correspondent of the Associated Press from 1938 to 1941. He was at Manila when the Japs entered, and was interned in the notorious Santo Tomas camp.

His book, however, is collected from many sources beyond his own experience. The chapters dealing with present-day life in the Japanese homeland represents a painstaking and intelligent piecing together of this information. Facts such as these, on food, clothing, working conditions, and the psychological background of an enemy country, can be as important as sensational revelations.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price \$3.

AUTOGRAPHS, birds' eggs, decoy ducks, furniture, cigar-store Indians, pipes, toy soldiers, thimbles, timetables, and toupees are a few of the items that are gathered with fanatical zeal by collectors. As for Douglas and Elizabeth Rigby, they like to collect facts about collectors. These they have assembled into a comprehensive and pleasantly readable book, **Lock, Stock and Barrel**.

One of the Rigbys' many amusing stories tells of Frau Feist, in prewar Germany, who owned some fine specimens of Dresden china. That eminent collector, the Kaiser, wanted them. Following his usual procedure, he sent word to the lady through an intermediary that he would be willing to have tea with her. The emissary was shocked to find her cool to the proposal. "He inquired whether she did not feel that the proposed visit was an act of graciousness for which she should be deeply grateful."

"Not at all," she replied. "His Majesty has taken tea with so many collectors that I do not consider the honor worth my collection!"

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price \$5.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Klondike gin rummy was what?
- 5 We call it trembling, the Spaniards call it what?
- 12 Eisenhower is kicking the Hun in the what at present?
- 13 What's a fancy word for house?
- 14 English school has tone (anag.)
- 15 What country has announced possible sanctuary for war criminals?
- 16 The year 1051
- 17 In twenty-seven languages Jenny couldn't say what?
- 18 What animal loves to stay in neutral gear?
- 20 An Indian snood is a what?
- 22 Who worships the I of the Idol: the self?
- 25 The French offer how much for one's thoughts?
- 26 The tides, a broken clock, and infinity are all what?
- 28 What kind of olive was popular in '17?
- 31 What causes sore heads?
- 32 Erato anagrams what?
- 34 What's a Hottentot buffalo?
- 35 What's a gun, horse, or cause of German chills?
- 37 In what form may a man's troubles multiply three-fold?
- 39 Your radio is a partial extension of the human what?
- 41 The villain's mustache always waved violently when he did what?
- 42 Congress held up, then granted, a permanent major

- generalship recently to whom?
- 45 What's the world's most popular beverage?
- 46 What word's never uttered by brides during wedding ceremonies?
- 47 Rot (anag.)
- 48 Infantile nickname for grown-ups (sing.)
- 50 Complete: In ——— veritas
- 52 What two words sum up Willkie's philosophy?
- 54 Native Indian state and its capital
- 55 What flower's often found on badges?
- 56 What's negative and sounds itchy? (pl.)

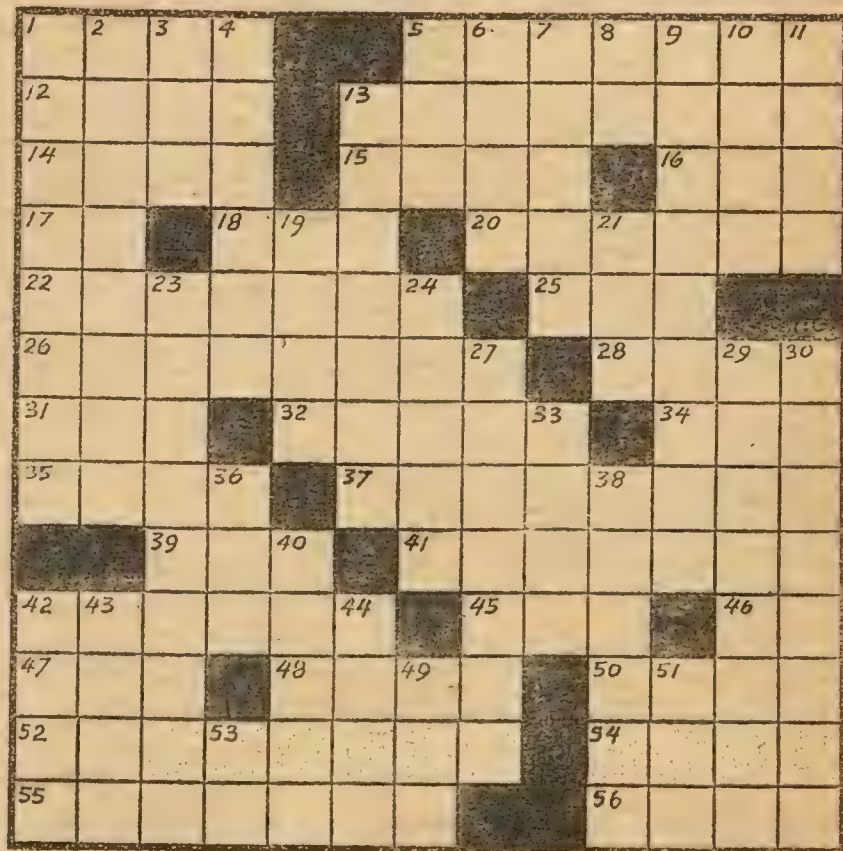
VERTICAL

- 1 What's fancy for real nuts?
- 2 The helicopter's dad would be the what?
- 3 Greek letter, sounds crewy
- 4 What's fancy for pretty fancy?
- 5 Rot (anag.)
- 6 Mite (anag.)
- 7 —2 plus —2 equals what 4?
- 8 In what period did Socrates live?
- 9 The bacilli that

CLAM SIXSHOOTER
HALE ANISE NAVE
LIVES RAISE IRON
MACARONI HOOTED
P UNE PAWN
AWNING PAWNHOP
NOONS CRISS OPIA
ZOOB AIR XMAS
ELIS BANGS HEELS
EYESORES BOURSE
TOMS WUO N
TOMATO CURDLING
EMIL ROARS EPEE
MAIL EXIST USSR
PRESIDENTS DOTS

Last week's answer

- make what cheese may be said to have B. O.?
- 10 Complete: ——— podrida
- 11 What free thing is rarely given to race horses?
- 13 If you ordered *Baba au rhum* in a restaurant you'd be getting a what?
- 19 Lois (anag.)
- 21 A Chicago equalizer is a what?
- 23 Jelly, *aux fines herbes*, and Spanish are associated with what word? (pl.)
- 24 What rulers had the coldest noses?
- 27 Skimped
- 29 Radio borrowed what from the bugs? (pl.)
- 30 What have a way of slamming in your face when you hurry for them? (2 words)
- 33 Old French argument settler
- 36 When you needle an Irishwoman she's liable to what?
- 38 According to the Bible, what is necessary to the lump?
- 40 What mechanical man can be trained for good or evil?
- 42 Samuel Pepys always referred to his wife as what kind of woman?
- 43 Who authored the Man in the Shower?
- 44 "Art not" contracted how in olden times?
- 49 Suffix turning verbs into adjectives
- 51 What two words make all the difference in the world to a groom?
- 53 What was once the Pronoun of the Year?



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

It's all in knowing how



As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. And our country has always encouraged the boyhood knack of making things — especially things that work. That's one reason why America is rich in stories of men who could do the hard wartime jobs — such as the one told below.

For many years before the war, General Motors men kept busy making more and better things for more people. They had learned through endless research and experiment how to improve the quality of these things, while at the same time producing them in large volume.

They reduced complicated mechanisms, like an automobile, to their simplest parts — made these parts exactly alike in great numbers — then assembled them into complete units. This cut time and costs so low nearly

everyone could own a good car — and most people did.

But the war brought problems that promised to stump even the experts in volume production.

For example, the famous Oerlikon gun, a piece so precisely made it seemed that only slow handwork could ever duplicate it.

But General Motors men took it on. They redrew blueprints from metric to English measure. They devised new machines and new methods that produced to ultra-precise limits.

The production skill acquired over many years was quickly focused on this task. And soon our ships began to bristle with thousands of those quick-firers that rip dive bombers to pieces.

Spitting 400 shells to the minute, GM-built Oerlikon guns barked notice to the world that American methods were as adaptable to making guns as to producing automobiles.

This is just one wartime example out of many hundreds that shows how America is benefiting from its peacetime mass-production "know-how" and its manufacturing skill.

Ability to make things in great numbers is as useful in protecting our American way of life as it was in enriching that life before war came.

And when total victory is won, it will be ready in peace to provide more and better things for more people.

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WAR BONDS UNTIL
THE DAY OF VICTORY



CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

OUR NEWEST PROBLEM— GERMAN CIVILIANS

Continued from Page 15

mans was thirty-nine and the oldest must have been nearly sixty.

The former stable which serves as the cops' mess hall and classroom was plastered with posters—all the laws, proclamations, and official notices to be enforced by the students. At the moment, one of the Germans was giving an English lesson featuring such depressing announcements as "The bank is closed" and "The post office is far away."

The next period, an analysis of Military Government police functions, was conducted by an American sergeant, Austrian-born Paul Lobl of Middleboro, Massachusetts.

"To begin with," Sergeant Lobl told his students, "I have to state that the Hitler salute has again been given to some of our officers. How often do I have to tell you that this is strictly against the regulations of this school? That it is also a violation of Paragraph 2 of Official Notice to the Population and, as such, a punishable offense—all the more so in the case of a policeman? From now on, anybody committing this offense will have to be punished."

They nodded quietly, as if in complete agreement.

"Yesterday's tasks," Sergeant Lobl continued, "have been completely solved by only a few of you. One mistake in particular has been made frequently. According to proposition number three, a German citizen was found in possession of two U. S. Army blankets and five packs of Camel cigarettes. It could not be proved that he had stolen any of these items, but since the Allied forces are forbidden to make presents to Germans, the mere possession of American goods by a German is to be considered unlawful. But it is not, as many of you suggested, a *capital* offense and, as such, according to Article 1 of Ordinance 1, 'punishable by death or any such other penalty as a Military Government Court may impose.'

"What you may have had in mind is Paragraph 19 of the same article, wherein 'stealing or obtaining by fraud property of the Allied Forces or any member thereof' is defined as a capital offense. This particular culprit *might* have stolen the objects in question, but you are not in a position to prove it and the charges you pressed against him are unfounded. Do you seriously think that we'd shoot a man for having accepted a present?"

THEY did not laugh. Nor did their expression betray their thoughts. Perhaps they admired the "leniency"; perhaps they despised it. At any rate, the mistake they had made was as indicative of their Nazified condition as their failure to renounce the Hitler salute. Twelve years of Nazification had determined their reactions.

After a while Sergeant Lobl was replaced by a *Polizeimeister*. Nothing could have been more fantastic than to watch this uniformed German impressing on his fellow Nazis the significance of our laws.

"Here," he would say approvingly, pointing out one paragraph or another, "regulations are pretty sharp, and don't you kid yourselves about it, either!"

How are we trying to make them understand the practical meaning of the rules we teach them? Well, here are typical examples of the tasks they are asked to solve:

1. You are on duty as a policeman in a German city occupied by U. S. forces.
(Continued on page 50)

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HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS



TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

(Continued from page 48)

AMG ordinance has imposed a curfew from 1900 hours until 0600 hours, during which period no civilians are permitted on the street or in public places without a special permit from MG. On December 18, 1944, at 2030 hours, you stop a civilian at the corner of Wall Street and Hindenburg Street. His identity papers, which appear to be in order, show him to be Heinrich Hulsemann of 77 Krupp Street. His worker's card shows him to be an employee of the Municipal power plant. He tells you that he works on the night shift at the power plant, reporting there at 2300 hours every night, and that he is on his way to work. What action do you take? What paragraph of Ordinance 1 is applicable?

Correct solution, as quoted from the Instructor's Answer Sheet: Arrest Hulsemann for violation of Paragraph 22—circulating without a permit during curfew.

2. You are on duty as a policeman in the small town of Womelsdorf, patrolling on foot Hoch Street, from north to south and return, for a distance of five blocks.

Your superiors have advised you that a brothel operated by one Eva Goetz at 8 Schiller Street, three houses west of the intersection with Hoch Street, has been declared "off limits" by the U. S. military commander and that all ranks of U. S. military personnel have been forbidden to enter it. The house itself has been posted with a sign, "Off Limits to All Military Personnel."

On December 3, 1944, at 1600 hours, you notice a man stopping U. S. soldiers on Hoch Street near this corner and handing them cards. You recognize him as one Otto Speiser, an employee of the brothel who lives on the premises. Several soldiers drop the cards to the street. You pick up one and find it says in English, "The House of a Hundred Pleasures, 8 Schiller Street, Womelsdorf."

Two soldiers go around the corner and enter the house. You follow them, ring the doorbell, and Eva herself answers it. Just as you are reminding her that her establishment is forbidden to soldiers, another soldier arrives. He is slightly drunk, seems in a hurry, and asks that you get out of the way so he can enter.

What action do you take? What offenses have been committed and by whom? Specify paragraph numbers.

Correct solution: Permit soldier to enter, then arrest both Eva and Speiser. Speiser has violated Paragraph 28 by inviting or conducting members of the Allied forces into a place designated "off limits." Eva has violated the same paragraph in two ways. First: Since Speiser is acting as her employee or agent, his acts are taken as her own; hence she, too, is guilty of inviting the soldiers into her brothel. Second: She is also presumably guilty of "supplying services" to soldiers in her place.

The soldiers have violated their orders by entering a place marked "off limits," but that is no concern of the German police, except that it should be reported to the M. P.s.

THE policemen's training schedule is a comprehensive one. Language instruction, physical exercises, work details, and study fill their day, which lasts from 6.30 A. M. to 6.30 P. M. Apart from regular lessons, there are lectures covering such subjects as proclamations, laws and ordinances, reports and forms, police functions, military courtesy and discipline.

While the actual schedule is limited to police matters, the men are permitted to ask relevant questions. During my visit, a question period revealed an astounding

(Continued on page 53)

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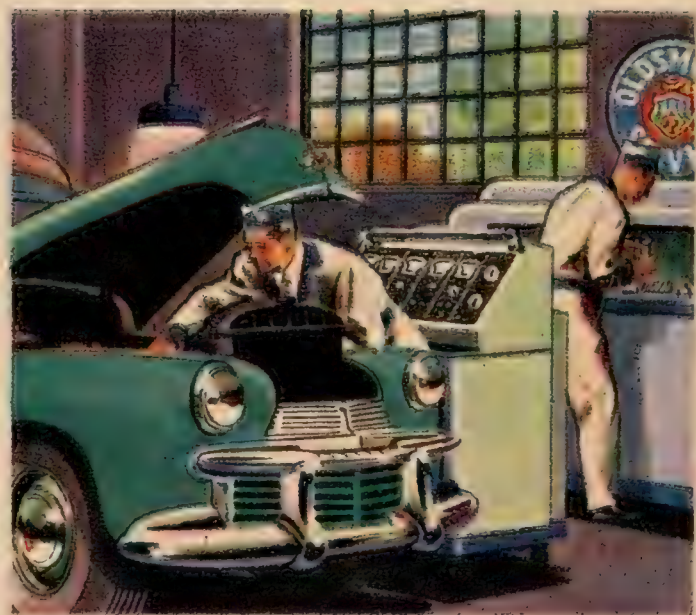
there was no such thing as "automotive service" . . . not as we know it today. True, there were blacksmiths, bicycle repair men, and other assorted "motor car experts." But they worked mostly "by guess and by gosh," with only the crudest of equipment. It's remarkable their results were as good as they were, considering the handicaps. Fortunately, the most popular cars on the road were Oldsmobiles, built to keep running *despite* the lack of service facilities.



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even heard of. He has mechanics with a working knowledge of scientific service methods. He has factory specification charts, factory-authorized replacement parts—everything needed to keep your wartime car running safely, efficiently, economically . . . *That man is your Oldsmobile dealer. And he's a good man to know!*



OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**
AMERICA'S OLDEST MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURER

(Continued from page 50)

naïveté on the part of these Germans, and a complete lack of feeling of collective guilt.

What plans, they inquired, existed in Washington for the reconstruction of German cities?

How did we propose to solve the task of repatriating Rhinelanders who'd been evacuated by the Nazis to other parts of the Reich?

By what measures did we intend to strengthen German economy?

And, as a war correspondent, had I not come across a lot of interesting postal stamps? The questioner wondered whether I would not help him fill a few gaps in his collection.

One would have thought they were innocent citizens of an Allied nation. That anyone here could have anything against them—that, indeed, it took considerable self-control even to talk to them—did not seem to enter their minds. Dumfounded by such unawareness, I proceeded to ask a few questions myself:

In their position as MG policemen, did they expect to run into a great deal of trouble at home? How would the average German accept our laws? Would he, for instance, insist on wearing Nazi insignia and displaying the Nazi flag?

"No!" they shouted. "Of course not!"

Why, they said, apart from a few fanatics, the German nation was more than ready to abandon Nazism! The failure to transmute such readiness into action was easily accounted for.

"Terror!" several of them explained in chorus. "Dictatorship! The Gestapo!"

IT was the same old song. How many times had I heard it before from all those German prisoners of war, none of whom had ever been a Nazi at heart, none of whom had ever fired a shot, and none of whom doubted the shining innocence of the German people!

"Resistance," went the burden of the song, "is humanly impossible. Every German is watched over by two Nazis."

Yes, in one breath these Germans would tell you that Nazism was kept alive in Germany by a mere handful of hated fanatics; in the next, that every German was watched over by two Nazis!

Asked what kind of government they'd like to see established at home, they said a democratic republic was all they were yearning for. And it must be stated that this sounded as if they meant it.

Asked whom they would choose for a leader, they answered with equal unanimity:

"Bruening! Bruening is our man!"

This was startling news. The former chancellor and head of the Catholic Center Party played a fatal role in the tragedy of the German Republic. It was he who introduced government by decree, thereby violating the Constitution and paving the way for Hitler's regime. Having fled Germany, he came to the United States and accepted a position at Harvard University. At no time, however, did he in any way participate in the preventive fight waged by Americans against the Nazi menace. Indeed, he refused to lend to the anti-Fascist cause the weight of his name and the strength of his experience. In cagey silence he waited for *Der Tag*.

"Bruening?" I said. "Would he be generally acceptable? Perhaps as a prominent Catholic he'd please the Catholic Rhineland, whereas in other parts—"

"Everywhere!" they insisted. "All over Germany! Bruening is the man!"

If what they said was anything like the truth, it was reasonable to assume that no new figure had risen within Germany—no underground leader and re-



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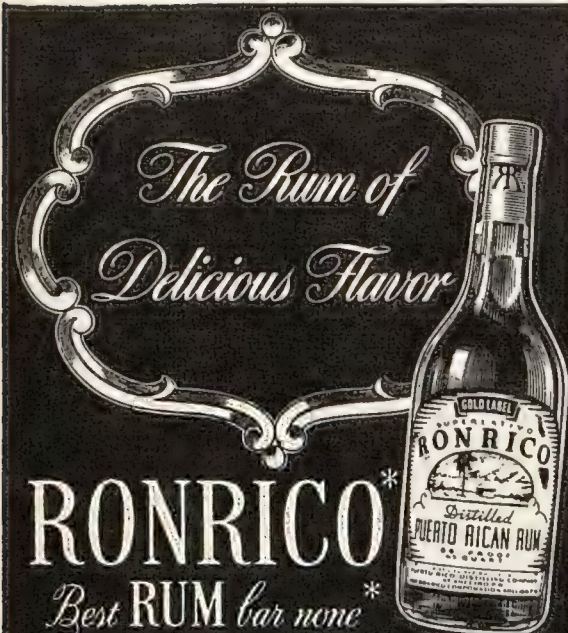
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sistance chief who had secretly won the nation's admiration and confidence. Bruening never possessed either. Despite his important victories in the field of international negotiations, he had never been liked in Germany and his eventual downfall was at least partly due to his utter lack of popular appeal.

That twelve years of silence and absence should have made him popular was understandable only by comparisons. Succeeded as he was by von Papen, von Schleicher, and finally Hitler, Bruening was the last democratic, the last "normal," chancellor the Germans had had. And although he himself had done away with much of this now-longed-for "normality," his intentions were said to have been of the best. Compared with what followed, Bruening was good. Surely he was better than Hitler. And, since Hitler was doomed, surely he was better than nothing.

Is there nothing in Germany, no man, no group, no movement fit to take over?

We can't yet say with finality. Germany is big and the part so far occupied by the Allies has been comparatively small. As a test case, however, Aachen is as good as any. If there is anything about its people which cannot be considered typical of all Germans, it is their Catholicism and their relative intimacy with other nations—France, Belgium, and the Netherlands. Moreover, this district is largely populated by industrial workers, on whose alleged anti-Hitler feelings many a wishful thinker bases his best hopes.

I HAVE talked with scores of Germans in freshly-occupied villages, in the streets of Aachen, and in the near-by refugee camp of Brend, where some 5,000 Aacheners awaited permission to return to their ruined homes. On the whole, these civilians differed little from their uniformed compatriots in the MG school. None of them claimed to have been engaged at any time in any anti-Nazi activities, or even to resent Hitler for any ideological reason. Some did assert that they'd broken his orders by refusing to leave their town. But most Aacheners admitted that, while they'd been told to depart on a Wednesday, by Tuesday afternoon no vehicle of any kind was left in the doomed city.

"We were trapped!" they grumbled. "There was no way out!"

This complaint was followed by the familiar tune: They all disliked the Nazis and they all had been terrorized into submission. They said, yes, there probably

were some people who had dared to resist, but they did not know who they were—and they seemed to refer to them as to a species with whom respectable citizens like themselves would not even now care to associate.

Bruening's name was heard a number of times, but most of these civilians seemed uninterested politically, and too apathetic to make specific suggestions.

FOR the rest, they confirmed the impressions which I had gained before: 1. The Germans failed to organize any kind of resistance worthy of the name to the Nazi order. The number of Germans who individually fought it and sacrificed themselves is too small to carry decisive weight. Nor have their deeds gained widespread acclaim.

2. The Hitler regime has become unpopular in Germany and most Germans would like to see it abandoned. But it is by no means the moral depravity of the venture which made it—finally—objectionable. Germany's leading criminals stand accused today not of being criminals but of being failures.

3. It is generally acknowledged that, having failed, the Führer and his henchmen deserve any fate which may be in store for them. But it is generally denied that by choosing, maintaining, and obeying this regime, the German people rendered themselves guilty. Since their collective conscience is clear, the Germans will deem any "discrimination" against them a gross injustice.

In these circumstances it is hard to foresee how the average German citizen will feel and what he may do in the face of a prolonged occupation. More likely than not his reactions will be split and ambiguous. He may not, for instance, have any spontaneous desire to sing the Horst Wessel song. But knowledge that a victorious enemy is ready to arrest him for doing so may cause him to disobey.

Therefore the experiment carried out in the AMG school ought to be viewed in this light: If even a very limited number of Germans can be turned into guardians of our laws, many Germans are likely to conform. Proud of his position, proud of his learnedness, and proud of his new uniform, the AMG "gendarme" may become a valuable helper as well as a first incarnation of the "re-educated German." He may or may not. At any rate, the experiment seems worth trying.

THE END



COLONEL
STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY
(Unabashed)

SWANE: A lover whose fire is dying.

COPPLE: Two policemen.

JAN.ITOR: He works only one month.

LARGENTINA: That's the way it looms up in the headlines.

P.O.ETRY: Mailman's verse (while he stanza round).

MATHEMADDICTS: Guys who love arithmetic.

S.S.INATION: What Himmler's policemen practice.

CIGARATS: "Butt" bootleggers.

BIVOUW.A.C.: Women soldiers' camp.

GRAYVY: Meat sauce to match your vest.

BOMBERS OVER JAPAN

Continued from Page 23

reasons are manifold. Manchukuo is far richer in natural resources, including coal and iron and oil shale, than is Japan proper. Our destruction of Japanese shipping, particularly by submarines, has been tremendous. And Japan's chief military strength, her greatest concentration of troops, is in China. They can be supplied from Manchukuo overland, and thus much of Japan's dwindling shipping can be released. We know that there are airplane factories, munition plants, shipbuilding yards, tank factories, and oil refineries in large number operating in Manchukuo.

In the midst of our deep satisfaction in the great victories of the Navy and the invasion of the Philippines by the Army, many of us may have forgotten one highly critical point. You may be sure that the Joint Command has not forgotten it, for now and again they remind us of it.

Despite all the claims for air power, all the essential work which the Navy must do, the fundamental principle of war remains unchanged: to defeat an enemy, you must meet his divisions face to face in the field and render them incapable of further warfare. This has certainly been proved in Europe, where all our heavy bombardment, all our stern blockade, merely set the stage for the great battle of the Rhine.

THE axiom holds equally true in the Pacific. And all our operations there have been toward the end of coming face to face with the great Japanese Army. On the China-Burma-India front we have been struggling to get supplies to the only foot soldiers now opposing that enemy army—the troops of General Chiang Kai-shek. In the Philippines we have been attempting to breach, from another direction, the wall of isolation which the Japanese built around their Asiatic war. Across the Central Pacific the Navy has been supporting the Army's drive, and also spearheading a drive of its own toward the China coast—for all the High Command agrees that we cannot defeat Japan until we have established bases of our own in China.

In late months the Chinese have suffered grave and disturbing reverses. We have been trying to get to their aid, with supplies and combat planes and troops for reinforcement, as quickly as we possibly could. The naval victory over the Japanese fleet in the Philippines sea immensely accelerated this effort. But still the Chinese bases from which our B-29 bombers might attack Japanese military industry in Manchukuo have been pushed steadily back. We have been forced to abandon air strips that were built with back-breaking labor. And at the moment of this writing there seems little we can do to interrupt production in Manchukuo.

At this point a consideration of the touchy business of the Russian air bases in eastern Siberia is inevitable. We know that these bases are within easy bombing range of Japanese industry in Manchukuo. We find it only natural to think that the Russians should let us use them so that we might knock out that industry.

But there are other considerations.

First of all, the Russians are not at war with the Japanese. They have an Army in eastern Siberia. But so have the Japanese. These two armies, excellently equipped, have stood staring at each other upon the Manchurian border since the start of the war. With the first movement of an American plane from one of the Russian bases, the two armies would come immediately to grips.

On the other hand, Mr. Stalin gave us encouragement in his November speech.

For the first time he characterized the Japanese as "an aggressor nation." That may very well mean that Russia, once the German job is done, will be ready to pitch in and give us urgently needed help in the attack upon Japanese installations in Manchukuo. But that still remains to be seen. Russian casualties in Europe have been stupendous, far greater than Russia is willing to admit even to her allies. We cannot say how strong Russia will be when Germany is finished, and guessing is idle business. We cannot say how willing Russia may be to take on a new fight in the East.

So it seems a rather safe course to expect no considerable active Russian participation in the onslaught upon Japan's home islands which we have carried on so brilliantly up to its present phase. We certainly may expect the Russian bases to be opened to our aircraft. We may expect the Russian Army in Siberia to stand to our assistance. Beyond that, it will probably be up to ourselves. And we will have two things of incalculable value in our favor: complete control of the sea, and the great Japanese cities lying in ashes.

It is quite impossible for anybody to say what effect the destruction of the Japanese cities will have upon Japanese troops in the field—particularly the 3,000,000 Japanese troops now in China. That would require an understanding of the Japanese mind, the Japanese soul. And bold indeed is the man who would claim to have that understanding. With any other troops on earth, it would be possible to generalize: that the soldier far from home and homesick is disheartened by news that his people, his family, his home have been destroyed. But that does not necessarily hold true with the Japanese. In the first place, they are vouchsafed little news from home or anywhere else. In the second

place, they have been taught that they must fight until they die—and rare indeed is the Jap whom we have fought thus far who went against his teaching.

Call it fanatical. Call it ridiculous and absurd. Call it what you will. But the common Japanese soldier is willing and even eager to fight to the death. Heaven knows I've seen them do it.

HAVE we got that much stamina, we Americans? Is the victory in Europe going to make our people say:

"Well, now, we've got enough of this fighting business. Let's haul off and make money now, and bring our lads home so they can make some money too. What do we care, anyway, about the Pacific? Those little islands don't mean anything to me—and the only Chinaman I ever knew was the waiter at the chop-suey joint. He had brains enough to come to a good country."

I can hear a good many Americans talking like that. If they win their point, every man-of Guadalcanal and Tarawa, of New Guinea and Saipan and Leyte—of the Hornet and the Lexington and the Yorktown and Juneau—will have died in vain. For whether they could articulate the point or not, they died to bring peace to the Pacific—to destroy, once and for all, the military ambitions of the one nation that could bring war and death to the Pacific.

The French have long had a saying: Every battle, every campaign, every war is won in the last quarter of an hour. The people who can stick it out to the very end are inevitably the victors. The bombardment, the destruction of the cities of Japan is not finality. It is a step. The last quarter of an hour still remains to be run out on the clock. It will decide the Pacific question for the next century.

THE END

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go get it! Start it with lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions." Tackle a big bowlful—tomorrow morning.

WELCOME BACK TO ASHTON

Continued from Page 29

"Joe's father worked for me for over twenty years. A fine man."

Judy sank one of her father's cruisers.

"Mother's going to readjust Joe."

"She's going to what?"

"Readjust him. She's head of a committee."

"Oh." Mr. Barnett was used to his wife's committees. Last year it was a committee to beautify the town.

"It's too bad the first case had to be difficult," Mrs. Barnett said, getting the meeting under way downstairs. "But the minute Miss Curry mentioned that business about his getting arrested, I was afraid we might run into trouble."

"We'll have to do something," Miss Curry said. "It will look bad on our annual report if we lose the first case."

"He's probably tired," Mrs. Foreman said, "that long train ride and all."

The three women had called on the sergeant right after dinner. Miss Curry's report (Case A-8-44-1, Interview 1) told the story in neatly typed triplicate: "Case refused to discuss adjustment problems. Case shut door in our faces. Case was drinking beer."

"Maybe," Mrs. Foreman said, "he just doesn't want to get readjusted."

"He's got to get readjusted," Mrs. Barnett said.

"We can't force him," Mrs. Foreman said.

"That's going to look fine in the case history," Miss Curry said.

"We'll get him readjusted all right," Mrs. Barnett said grimly.

AFTER she'd sunk her father's fleet, Judy went to the second show at the Rialto. It was nearly midnight when she started home, walking alone down Main Street. She had on a print dress and sandals. Her coppery hair was banded with a strip of blue velvet.

"Hello," she said, before she realized of course Joe couldn't hear her. It was just the way their eyes had met through the plate glass below the neon sign, LAGER. He was sitting at a table by himself, smoking a cigarette with quick nervous drags.

"Hello, Joe," Judy said.

"Lo."

She sat down across from him at the table. She remembered high school, and felt a flush of shyness. Joe had been a big man in school when she was only a freshman. Joe used to wear a orange-and-black sweater with a big A on it, and when she passed him in the corridor after study hall, she used to hope he'd stop and say something to her. He never had. She was all arms and legs then, and she had trouble with hickeys.

She kept wanting to stop Joe some day and say, "Wait." It wasn't fair, his being eighteen, when she was only fourteen.

"Mother says you weren't very nice to her this evening," Judy said.

"Why doesn't she stick to her petunias and leave me alone?"

"She only wants to help."

He dropped his cigarette on the floor and ground it out with the blunt metal cap of his cane. He seemed to want to remind her about the cane. She didn't turn her eyes away from the cane, just glanced at it idly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, then she ordered a soft drink. Joe laid the cane in his lap, out of sight.

"Another beer," Joe called across to the waiter leaning on the bar.

Judy poured her drink into a thin glass. She watched Joe's hands as he lifted his frosted beer mug. His hands were thin. The long fingers fidgeted with the handle of the mug.

"You're sore, aren't you?" she said.

"Sore about what?"

"Getting taken out of the game in the third quarter."

"I'm not sore about anything. I just want people to let me alone."

"You feel sorry for yourself, only you don't want anybody else to feel sorry for you. Right?"

Joe angrily lit a fresh cigarette. "Aren't you slumming tonight? I used to be your old man's stock boy."

"I know you were. Dad said you were a very good stock boy."

"He never even knew I was alive."

"Dad said the only trouble was you and Slick Worley used to sneak behind the shipping office and smoke too much."

Joe grinned. "How'd the old boy ever find out about that?"

"People know more about you than you think," Judy said, getting up.

She hesitated. Joe sat there drinking his beer, ignoring her.

"Aren't you going to see me home?"

"Why?"

"It's customary."

"It's not customary with me."

He ordered another beer. Judy walked home by herself.

NEXT day Miss Curry went to the Garden Club office shortly before noon to type up Interview 2 with Case A-8-44-1.

"Case was contacted by Mrs. Barnett over the phone at 10 A. M. today. Case said he would not answer the phone any more if the committee continued to call him. Mrs. Foreman is baking a cake."

Mrs. Barnett stormed into the office, temper boiling out of her gray-green eyes. "It's ghastly," she said.

Miss Curry got up and dropped a thin soothing arm around Mrs. Barnett's plump shoulders.

"I ran into Martha Ogden at the hairdresser's and she simply laughed in my face," Mrs. Barnett said.

"There, there," Miss Curry soothed.

Martha Ogden was president of the Civic Improvement League, which she'd founded in opposition to the Garden Club.

"We've just got to get this thing settled," Mrs. Barnett said.

"We're doing everything we can."

"Look," Mrs. Foreman said, bursting in to the office. "A chocolate cake."

The committee worked on the sergeant for the next three days. Mrs. Foreman took the cake over to him. Miss Curry explained the mechanics of the organization to him, making a flattering point of the fact that he was first in the files and would lead the annual report to be published in the Ashton Crier. Mrs. Barnett invited him to dinner at her house, and she said she was asking the Reardons,

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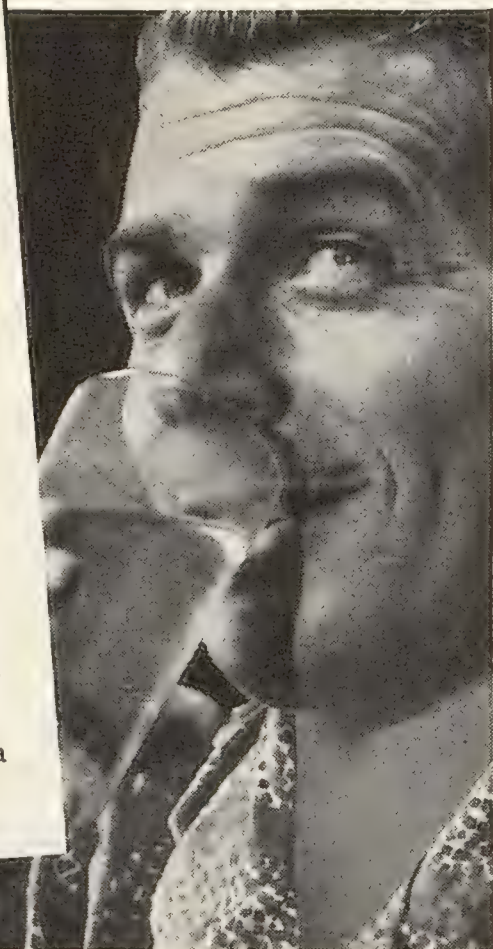
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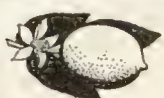
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the Jamisons, and the Shirleys. "This," she told him, "will give you a chance to meet all the best people in Ashton." The sergeant said he didn't like "best people." One night Judy drove him out past the Happy Creek Road to the falls. She parked the car under a giant white oak, and they sat for a long time smoking and listening to the falls. Joe put his arm around her, then lost himself in the sound of the splashing creek. He seemed not to know or care that she was there. "Joe," she said, "what do you want?" "Another cigarette."

She lit one, and when she passed it to him she felt the nervous warmth of his fingers against hers. She didn't try to make him talk.

"The town," he said, when they headed home, "it seems small and poky, like it's slept through the war."

"It hasn't been hard for us," Judy said; "not hard enough, except for Mrs. Kramer. You knew Bob was killed?"

Joe nodded. They crossed the bridge into Ashton, passed the bottling works.

"They keep asking me what it was like," Joe said. "You can't tell them. It was too many different things, and all you know is that you're changed and the town's just the same. You can't go back to hustling orders at the mill for eighteen-fifty a week. You just don't fit."

"You ought to try something new."

"In the hospital I took a course in industrial chemistry," Joe said. "I thought maybe I might get a job in the lab at the mill, but since I've been home I just feel what the hell."

She stopped the car in front of Joe's house, a yellow frame cottage. Joe had trouble getting out of the car. He had to squirm around to get his good leg out first, and then he dropped his cane.

"Good night, Joe," Judy said.

"Thanks for the ride."

Judy could see his jaw muscles jutting out as his teeth clenched angrily.

"It's nice of you," he said, "to feel sorry for me."

"I don't feel sorry for you," Judy said. "I feel sorry for myself, for the whole damned town."

She was almost crying.

MISS CURRY was waiting when Judy and her mother got to the Garden Club office next day. Miss Curry wanted to write up a report on Judy's interview. Judy said there was nothing to write up.

"Personally," Mrs. Barnett said, "I'm in favor of simply dropping the sergeant like a hot potato, and waiting till we get a more co-operative case. After all, this Hartley person is practically a criminal. I mean he's been arrested and goodness knows what else."

"He was arrested for beating up Otto Finch," Judy said. "Otto stole a sled from some kid, and when Joe went over to get it back, Otto put up a fight."

"How do you know so much about this—this creature?" Mrs. Barnett said.

"Yes," Miss Curry said. "You should've told me so I could put it in the case history."

They're trying to be kind, Judy kept telling herself. They really want to help. "Maybe," she said, "you're doing this backward. Maybe you're the ones that need readjusting."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Barnett said.

"They've been through a lot that we don't know anything about. For three years we've been reading about how the boys got turkey for Thanksgiving and presents for Christmas, and when we see the pictures in the newsreels it's always the other side that got killed. The war's been tidied up for us."

"Why, Judy," Mrs. Barnett said, "I don't

"My mother could have spared me this heartbreak..."



If only she had told me these intimate physical facts!"

"WELL it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming—first his 'indifference'—then a decided resentment.

"If only I had known earlier how important intimate feminine cleanliness is to womanly charm, beauty and health—those intimate facts my mother *should* have told me but *didn't*."

* * *

Certainly you don't want this tragedy to happen to *your* daughter! Tell her *now* how important Zonite is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so *powerful* yet so *safe* to *delicate tissues*.

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 WANT WHEN THE
 WAR IS WON....**

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WAR BONDS

see how you can say that, when you know how we've suffered right along with the boys. Remember how many times we've gone without meat and butter, not to mention gas rationing and losing all our domestic help to the cartridge factory. And those two weeks last winter when we didn't even have coal."

Judy started to say something, then checked herself. Joe was right. You couldn't make them feel it.

JOE went to the party with her under protest, a vigorous protest broken down by Judy's stubbornness and the frilliest of her summer formals, a pale green organdy. She had on silver slippers, and there were daisies in her hair.

The green organdy and the daisies, Joe said, made her look like the courthouse lawn.

"You don't flatter a girl," she said.

"I'm out of practice," Joe said.

They were on the side porch of the Hillcrest Club, overlooking the green of the eighteenth hole. The French doors into the ballroom had been left open, and they could hear the music. Joe was wearing a gray flannel suit, his summer best of three years ago. The coat hung loosely from his shoulders, and the trousers gathered awkwardly around the waist.

"I keep forgetting I don't have to button my blouse," Joe said, adjusting his coat with a motion of his shoulders.

"You'll get used to it," Judy said.

A young couple, arm in arm, idled across the porch. The chubby-faced young man, who probably sold insurance, glanced at Joe and Judy, then stopped so quickly that the girl who was with him almost stumbled.

"Good Lord!" Chubby said. "Joe Hartley!"

Joe shook the plump friendly hand. Chubby Wilson had been manager of the Ashton football team for two years. He'd idolized Joe.

"Darling," Chubby said to the young woman with him, "you remember Joe Hartley?"

"Of course."

"Sally Clark," Joe said. "You used to be in high-school plays and things."

They shook hands. Judy and Chubby exchanged smiles, and Judy asked Sally about the baby. Sally said the baby was fine. Chubby was telling Joe about Sally. They'd been married two years, had a seven-months-old baby. Joe said that was swell, and then they all went in for a drink.

"Hey, Carl," Chubby called to a wiry young naval lieutenant. "Look who's here."

Carl Ramsey had played left half the year Joe was quarterback, the year Joe made the sixty-five-yard run against Harrisonburg.

Judy and Sally ducked into the powder room. Chubby was re-enacting the sixty-five-yard run. Joe was laughing.

Judy spent a long time with her make-up, not because her nose was shiny or her rouge had caked, but because she wanted Joe to be with old friends, to be in Ashton again instead of Salerno or Cassino. She asked Sally a lot of questions about the baby. Sally promptly forgot about time. Judy didn't forget; she wanted to kill time for Joe's sake.

When they came out of the powder room, Judy's father was standing between Joe and Chubby, his arm around Joe's shoulders.

"You think it over, Joe," Mr. Barnett was saying.

Joe nodded. Judy, linking her father and Joe with her arms, asked them what they were up to.

"I'm trying to talk Joe into giving us a break at the mill," Mr. Barnett said, "and

showing our chemists what's wrong with our lab."

"I'd probably get my formulas mixed and blow the place up," Joe said.

"Fine," Mr. Barnett said. "Then I could move out in the country and run a frog farm."

On the way home Joe huddled in the corner of the roadster, fingering the smooth rounded head of his cane.

"Your dad was nice to me," he said.

"He's not a bad guy," Judy said.

Joe flicked his cigarette across the shoulder of the road. "It's funny," he said. "Nobody asked me how it was, nobody even mentioned the war. It was like I'd never been away."

"Let's drive out the Happy Creek road again," Judy said. Judy was driving, already heading for the Creek road.

"Imagine Chubby and Carl remembering that sixty-five-yard run," Joe said.

"All the things that broke your heart in high school," Judy said. "They're not important now, and you wonder why you thought they were then. Hickeys, for instance. I cried my heart out over them."

"I felt that way about clothes," Joe said. "I used to envy Carl and Chubby because they had long pants before I did, and they got them new, and when they wore out, they didn't have to have them patched."

"You live through it somehow," Judy said.

"The falls sound nice," Joe said. He had his arm around her, and she rested her head on his shoulder.

"You're shedding daisies," Joe said.

"Daisies are nice," she said.

"Daisies are swell."

This first kiss, she'd waited so long for it, years and years. She was fourteen again, and Joe Hartley had stopped outside of study hall to talk to her.

She lay snug in his arms, the daisies tickling her left ear.

"Darling," she said, "I'll have to put all this in my report to mother's committee."

He pecked a kiss at the lobe of her ear, nuzzled the soft warmth of her throat, then kissed her lips, kissed the breath from her.

"Put this in your report," Joe said, kissing her again.

"Case is closed," Judy said, sinking back peacefully.

MISS CURRY, sighing, stamped Case A-8-44-1 COMPLETED. Miss Curry was thinking of Joe Hartley multiplied by a hundred, a thousand, ten million. She dabbed a handkerchief across her forehead.

"It's not our job," Mrs. Foreman repeated.

Mrs. Barnett eyed the seed catalogue which lay open on the table in front of Mrs. Foreman.

"We ought to be planting trees on Chester Street and browbeating the Town Council into doing something about the courthouse lawn," Mrs. Foreman went on. "We ought to make sure the boys have a nice town to come back to."

"That courthouse lawn," Mrs. Barnett said, "it really is a disgrace."

"I have a complete file on it," said Miss Curry.

Mrs. Foreman passed the seed catalogue across the table to Mrs. Barnett and Miss Curry. It was open at the tulip section. The two women studied the colored pictures, read the descriptive texts. Then they exchanged glances, both struck by the same idea.

Nice thing about tulips, you can plant them in neat, orderly rows, and when you plant them you know exactly what will come up.

THE END

LIBERTY

MIRACLE AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Continued from Page 19

from polio in 1944 is estimated to have been about 1000. By contrast, more than 150,000 persons died of cancer alone in 1944.

What makes polio such a dread disease is its crippling effects and the fact that it usually attacks children. It accounts for from 20 to 25 per cent of all cripples in this country.

While it is too early to speak with certainty, it is estimated that about 68 per cent of the polio sufferers of 1944 have made, or will make, a complete recovery. Of the other 32 per cent who will be paralyzed to some extent, about half are expected to recover sufficiently to lead full and normal lives. In 1916, 25 per cent of polio victims died and more than half were permanently crippled.

Some of the credit for the reduced death rate and lower percentage of cripples is claimed for the modern method of treatment. But research workers say we must remember that there are at least fifteen known strains of the polio virus, and that some are much milder than others. It may be that the polio virus of 1944 was a milder strain than that of 1916. Also, they remind us, many more mild cases of polio are recognized and reported today which would have been overlooked in 1916.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is the largest single organization devoted to fighting polio and aiding its crippled victims. In fact, it is the largest single organization fighting *any* disease. It was founded in 1938, when President Roosevelt, himself crippled by polio, gave the organization the exclusive right to collect funds on his birthday. Last year it raised nearly eleven million dollars, all through contributions, mostly small ones.

The Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, also long supported by the President, is another organization interested in polio. The Shriners, the Elks, the Junior League, and the American Legion are among others which have done pioneer work, both through research into crippling diseases and through hospitals and homes for crippled children.

One of the earliest organizations to call public attention to the needs of crippled

(Continued on page 68)



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CHARLIE BULL FIDDLE WORKS IT OUT

Continued from Page 25

yard, then realized that he had no weapon. The Paige granary furnished a corn knife. He thrust it between his belt and belly, and staggered on up to the house.

Mrs. Paige was speaking on the phone. He could not see the sheriff. As he pressed closer to the glass she hung up the receiver and saw him.

He thought she was going to scream, but she came out on the porch instead. "My stars! If you didn't give me a fright, Charlie. You just get back from Washington?" He admitted that he had.

Her thin nostrils quivered. "And you've been drinking. Effie's not going to like that. Johnny wouldn't have liked it either. You march right in here and get cleaned up and have some coffee before you go home."

The old Indian obeyed her meekly. He had always stood in awe of the little old lady. His own personal name for her was Little Old Lady Who Barks but Never Bites.

"A fine-looking thing you are," she sniffed and held out a determined hand. "You give me what's left of that whisky."

"Whisky all gone," he told her sadly.

She relented. "Well, I don't suppose that it's any worse for you to numb your grief than it is for any other father. I know how you felt about Johnny."

She made him sit down at the table and poured him a cup of steaming coffee. Then she cut him a huge slab of pie.

He ate and drank uncomfortably, the corn knife pricking his thigh. Mrs. Paige kept up a running chatter. It had been Captain Mercer of the State Patrol to whom she had been speaking on the phone. Two saboteurs, convicted in Detroit that morning, had escaped from federal custody. They were believed to be headed for Chicago. A five-state alarm was out. The federal men were asking all local sheriffs to organize posses and roadblocks on the off-chance that the two men might head north. For a moment she had been afraid that Charlie might be one of the wanted men.

He asked her where the sheriff was. She said he had taken a prisoner to Jackson and would not be back until morning.

His pie and coffee finished, he pushed back from the table. "Go now," he in-

formed her. "Come back morning, maybe."

Mrs. Paige stopped him in the doorway. "Oh no. You don't get out of here until you put on your collar and tie and I brush you off a bit. You and the boys are the only men that Effie has now. And you always want to do her proud."

Impulsively he showed her the medal.

Her faded eyes filled with tears. "I—I was hoping that you'd show it to me, Charlie." She stroked the blue white-starred ribbon. "It doesn't seem possible he's gone. God love and bless and take care of you, Little Boy Who Likes the Dark."

The old Indian strode out, leaving her crying softly. Mrs. Paige was a fine woman. She had always been nice to Johnny. It was a shame he had to kill the sheriff. It would make her sad. The whisky fumes abating in his brain, he wondered if he had to kill Paige. Life, in the old days, had been simple. Now he was torn between two worlds.

BACK at the creek, he debated walking by road or taking the short cut past the sinkhole through the cedar swamp. He decided on the short cut. A man could make good time if he knew the trail. If he didn't, it was risky. A road had once crossed the swamp before the sinkhole had developed. Now it ended in a pool of black water in which a threshing machine and combine had sunk out of sight entirely.

To the right of the swamp lay the south forty which Johnny had sworn would grow corn if properly fertilized. It lay fallow in the moonlight, dotted with little piles of white marl that Johnny had not had time to spread before he left.

Traversing the swamp and the sinkhole, Charlie averted his eyes. Johnny had worked hard to clear the ground. But in a few years the south forty would be solid with thistles, the jack pine and scrub oak would creep in. By the time Johnny's boys were men the woods would have reclaimed the clearing.

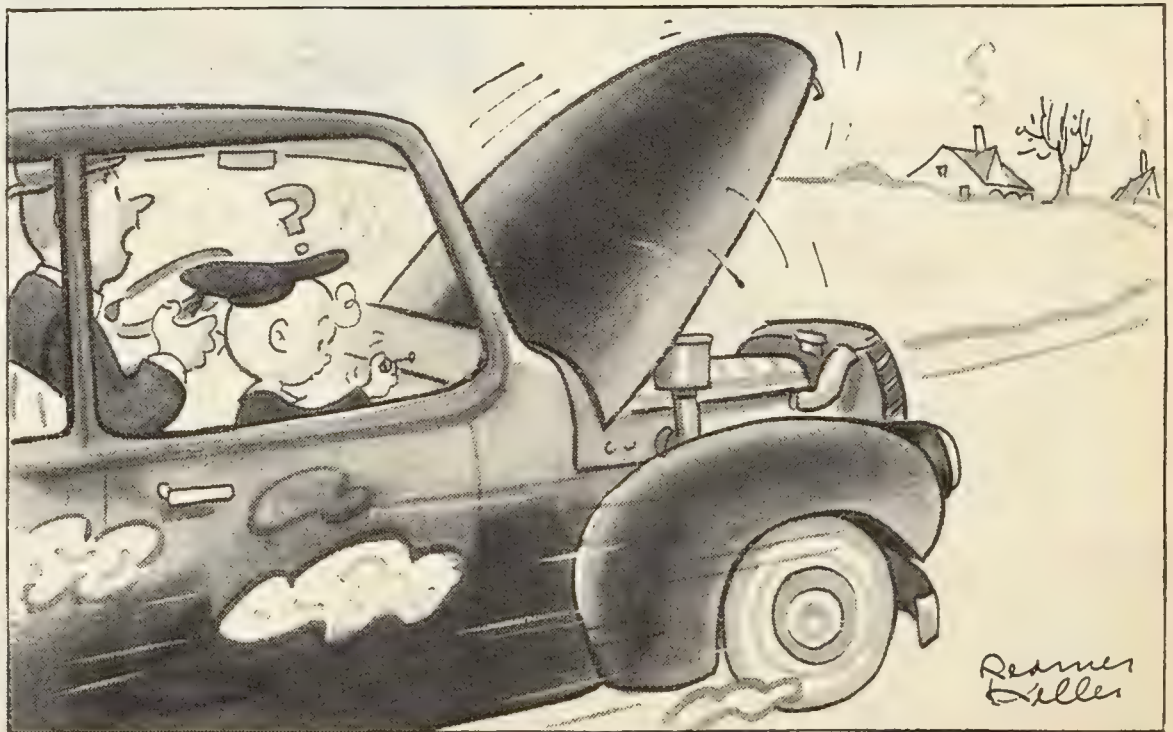
Out of the swamp, he cut across a field toward the barn and the tall white silo. The Fordson was rusting in the tool shed. Johnny had been proud of it, but he hated the noisy thing.

There had been a dim light in the farmhouse, but as he scuffed up the path from the barn, the light winked out. He wondered why Johnny's feist failed to bark.

"Charlie come home," he called.

(Continued on page 62)

HARDTACK



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(Continued from page 60)

There was no answering hail from the house. He let himself in, glad to be home, until he remembered that this wasn't home any more. This was the place that he and Tinkling Laughter and the boys were leaving after her child was born.

He fumbled until he found the lamp and lit it. The chimney was still hot. Tinkling Laughter had just gone to bed. He was picking up the lamp to go tell her he was home when the voice stopped him:

"That will be fine. Hold it just like that, Lo."

The Indian looked at the speaker in the doorway. "Who you?" he demanded suspiciously. "What you do here?"

The man motioned Charlie into the dining room with his gun. "Come in. And bring that lamp in with you."

THERE was a second man in the other room. Tinkling Laughter was backed into a corner. Johnny's solemn-faced black-eyed boys peered out from behind her skirts.

She said, "I'm sorry, father. I didn't dare to call out. They said they would kill the boys."

"Who you?" Charlie asked again.

"We're policemen," Schneider lied, "and we're after those saboteurs who broke loose in Detroit this morning."

The girl said, "He's lying, father. They're the Nazis who escaped. They came in here because they ran out of gas. They got this far by stealing a moving van."

The Indian told Schneider, "No got gas. You go now."

Eschenbach grimaced. "Just like that, eh?"

Charlie set the lamp on the table and studied the men's faces with interest. So these were Nazis. These were the men

with whom Little Boy Who Likes the Dark had fought.

"Search him," Schneider ordered.

Eschenbach felt the Indian's pockets and armpits for a gun. "Perfectly clean," he reported. "But we'd better tie him up. I've been told that Indians are tricky."

"Only in storybooks," Schneider scoffed. "They are a dirty degenerate race. They are liars and drunkards and thieves. There isn't a one of them who wouldn't sell his woman for a drink of whisky."

Eschenbach took a partly-filled pint bottle from his pocket and nodded at Tinkling Laughter. "How about it, old man?"

Tinkling Laughter's face turned scarlet. Charlie took a step forward and stopped as the phone bell rang.

Schneider looked at the girl. "If that's your ring, answer the phone," he told her. "But I wouldn't try anything funny."

The two boys clung to their mother's skirt as she moved across the room.

"This is Mayor Powers, Effie," the caller said. "Look. Has Charlie got home yet?"

The girl said that he had just come in.

Powers laughed ruefully. "Darn him, anyway, Effie. We had just about everyone in town down to meet the bus. But Charlie insisted on getting off at the crossing. Is he—er—sober, Effie?"

The girl looked at her father-in-law. "He's been drinking," she admitted.

"In that case," Powers answered, "we'd better postpone the welcome until tomorrow night. And, Effie, get him down to the Grange Hall about eight o'clock tomorrow evening. Him being a hero and all, we want to pay Johnny honor."

"Oh, and Effie," Powers added, "Mrs. Paige just called and said that Captain Mercer had called her. They think that those men who escaped in Detroit this morning might head up this way. When

they were last seen they were traveling in a moving van. So if you should chance to see a van go by, you call the operator."

Tinkling Laughter said that she would and hung up.

"So," Schneider mused, "they know about the van. It is lucky we ran out of gas." He looked at Charlie Bull Fiddle, puzzled. "And why should they want to honor you? Why should you be proud?"

The old Indian stared at him sullen-eyed. It had been another man like this who had killed Johnny. A cold anger began to ferment in his stomach.

"Answer, *schwein!*"

Schneider lifted his gun to strike him, and the girl said, "Don't. Please. It is because of my husband. You probably read of it in the papers. They awarded Johnny the Congressional Medal of Honor, posthumously. And father has just returned from Washington."

"So," Schneider chuckled, "your name is Bull Fiddle. I must remember that one. Let me see the medal."

Charlie shook his head. "No. Medal belong to Johnny. Man Who Calls You His Friend make speech. Tell Charlie take good care. Give it to Johnny's boys when they are men."

The German lifted his gun again.

The girl said, "Show it to him, father."

The Indian dug the medal from his pocket and held it out sullenly.

Schneider took it from his palm. "This is a hot one. Of all the houses in Michigan, we had to run out of gas in front of the home of a Medal of Honor winner."

Eschenbach took it from him, spat on it, and threw it on the floor.

THE three-year-old darted from behind his mother's skirt and stretched a chubby hand to retrieve it. Eschenbach stepped on his fingers—and laughed.

There was a snap of bone but the youngster made no outcry. The boy snatched up the medal with his other hand and retreated.

"See what I mean?" Schneider pointed out. "No sensibilities, no feelings."

Tinkling Laughter flung herself at Eschenbach, her nails clawing bloody furrows down his cheeks. He struck her heavily with his fist and she crumpled, moaning.

"Now it's your turn, old man," Schneider informed Charlie. "Where can we pick up a car or a truck?"

"No got car. No got truck," the Indian told him. "Just got Fordson tractor."

Schneider knocked him from his feet. "I didn't ask what you had. I asked what near-by farmer had a truck or car."

"No tell," Charlie told him.

Schneider kicked him.

Eschenbach held out the bottle. "Why not offer him money and whisky?"

Schneider uncorked the bottle, knelt down, and offered it to Charlie. He looked at the bottle slate-eyed. His head had begun to ache. He was an old man. His stomach was cold.

"Just little drink," he agreed.

Schneider continued his persuasions: "All that we're asking you to do is to help us find a car."

Charlie took a second drink. The cold had gone from his stomach. The corn knife pricked into his thigh. "How much you pay?" he bargained.

The German counted ten ten-dollar bills into his hand.

"Sheriff Paige got truck. Got fast car, too," the Indian told him. "Live half mile across swamp. Go by road, four mile."

"We'll cross the swamp," Schneider said.

Eschenbach protested, "To hell with that. Ask him who else has a car. We want nothing to do with sheriffs."

"Sheriff no home. Go by train to Jackson," Charlie told him soberly. "Mrs.



Paige say no come back until morning." "It seems to me," Schneider said, "a sheriff would have a fast car. How do we cross this swamp?"

"No can cross alone," the Indian told him. "Go alone, maybe fall in sinkhole. Got no bottom. Charlie have to show."

Charlie got to his feet. He knew what their decision would be. Charlie was glad that Sheriff Paige had not been home.

Eschenbach tore the phone from the wall, then helped Schneider bind Tinkling Laughter and the boys. Her eyes met Charlie's once. They were proud.

"Remember now," Schneider warned Charlie, "no tricks. The first false move you'll get a slug through your skull."

Charlie Bull Fiddle was hurt. He intended to make no false moves. However, he explained, when they came to the sinkhole in the swamp only one could cross at a time. He would cross with one man and return while the first man waited on the other side. If Schneider didn't trust him, it might be best to shoot him now.

So saying, he sat down on the floor. The German got him back on his feet, pointing out that they had to trust him.

As they neared the swamp, the frogs began their clamor. An owl hooted.

Charlie Bull Fiddle walked easily, trailing an aroma of whisky, stepping lightly from quivering hassock to hassock. Schneider and Eschenbach slogged along behind him.

At the pool of black water, Charlie halted and pointed out a dim line of scattered hassocks. "One man at a time," he told Schneider. "Charlie go first. You step where Charlie step. No stop."

As Schneider hesitated, Eschenbach scoffed, "I will go first if you are frightened." He added in German, "The old man is a drunken fool. Besides, both of us are armed."

He stepped out briskly after Charlie. Both men disappeared into the night.

Charlie returned within five minutes. "Now you go with Charlie," he told Schneider stolidly.

The big German hesitated. The waiting had told on his nerves. The hassocks looked none too solid. And then, there had been the scream. He asked, "What was that scream?"

"Loon," Charlie assured him soberly. "Loon scream just like man. Even fool Charlie sometimes."

SMOKE was rising from the Bull Fiddle kitchen chimney when Sheriff Paige drove into the yard in the morning. The Fordson was popping in the barnyard. Charlie looked up and waved. He was glad to see Paige. This man had been his boy's friend. A wrong had been averted and blame had been properly placed.

Spotless in faded but clean dungarees and a blue shirt stained black with sweat, the Indian adjusted the spark. "Start early this morning," he told Paige. "Start plow lower forty. Johnny always say south forty grow good corn."

The sheriff got out of his car. He had had no sleep. Tinkling Laughter had just reported the van. The federal men and the State Patrol were close behind.

"You didn't see the van when you got up, Charlie?" he asked. "You didn't hear anything during the night?"

"Long trip. Charlie tired. Sleep well," the Indian assured him. He hesitated briefly, shrugged. "Maybe bad men in truck cross swamp, fall in sinkhole."

Tinkling Laughter appeared in the doorway of the farmhouse. "You'd better stay to breakfast, sheriff," she called. "Charlie has loads to tell you." She tempted. "We're having sausage and griddle cakes."

"With maple syrup," the three-year-old, watching his grandfather, added.

Paige stared at the boy's splinted hand. "How did young Charlie hurt his fingers?"

The old man smiled proudly at Boy Who Can Stand Pain and Keep Secrets. Perhaps Little Boy Who Likes the Dark had been right, after all. Perhaps the dark days of his people were over. Perhaps his people would be big chiefs again, and would be asked to sit in the tribal councils of one people. "Young Charlie go pick up Johnny's medal," he answered. "Big weight fall on fingers."

Paige said, "I see," and waited. But no more information was forthcoming. Then he saw a familiar corn knife on the saddle of the tractor.

Charlie Bull Fiddle met his eyes. "Borrow knife short time," he told him. "Give back now. Maybe borrow again in fall when corn on south forty grow tall."

He raced the motor of the tractor to signify he considered the matter ended.

"Better we go eat now," he told Paige. "Charlie see many things. Have much to talk about."

Paige walked with him to the house. The big van stood where no one could have failed to see it. He had a feeling that much would remain unsaid.

It did. The two men were never found, although both federal and state men searched the swamp and the adjoining country for days while Charlie Bull Fiddle watched them from the saddle of his son's tractor as he prepared the soil for planting. A few ten-dollar bills were found floating on the sinkhole. That was all. The final consensus was that the two men had attempted to cross the swamp and had drowned. But Charlie Bull Fiddle kept his counsel. The white man's Bible had been satisfied. In fact, he felt, two lives for one more than evened the score.

THE END

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SUSY KNEW THE ANSWERS

Continued from Page 17

petrator coldly. This was Red Stanton, who stood six foot one in a loose-jointed way and whose hair was obviously combed by a cyclone.

Susy came to work for the Planet because the managing editor had been both fond and afraid of Aunt Susan and because it was obvious that despite her youth—she was then twenty—Susy could throw the book at the public. Besides, Aunt Susan, who had lucid moments before her departure, had exhorted him to give Susy the job.

Susy gave up the apartment and took a small compact place in a less spectacular neighborhood, although with a good address. She refused Mrs. Somerset-Livingstone's offer of a home, and a social-secretarial position if she insisted upon being independent. Instead she occupied, on the Planet, a cubicle suited to a mouse, but Susy was quite a mouse at that.

In her apartment she retained certain relics of the family, a very good selection. She had a couple of portraits, and some very fine old furniture, considerable crystal, silver, and china. These she kept despite the offers of dealers and Aunt Susan's envious friends. The rest she sold privately, and the proceeds from that, together with considerable savings amassed by Aunt Susan, plus her job—at a much smaller wage to begin with, depending on how the syndication of the Junior Manners went—was her stake in the future.

She had other assets: the honey-blond hair conservatively cut and coifed, a naturally flawless skin, a pair of eyes which were miniature summer skies, and a figure which, sweated, would have stunned the beholder. It wasn't sweated, except for active sports in the chilly season and then a little loosely. Susy wore tailored suits to the office. She wore no jewelry of any kind except a simple string of inherited pearls and a wrist watch. She wore, also, a hat. It was changed according to the season, but at no time was it something out of a delirium or a facsimile of a bird's nest. It was just a hat. She wore gloves, even in summer. She wore the right shoes and the right smile, and her voice was low, a lovely thing in woman.

SHE was charming and equally friendly to everyone from copy boy to managing editor. She accepted occasional lunch or dinner invitations. And while it must have cut her to the quick to be asked, "What'll you have?"—accustomed as she was to Aunt Susan's edict that one's escort ordered publicly-taken meals—she knew that if she didn't state her preference she would get steak, fried potatoes, apple pie, and three cups of coffee.

She appeared to like her coworkers with the exception of Red Stanton. Having learned that Red was the author of the famous *rigor mortis* remark and having been, with reason, devoted to her great-aunt, Susy made it plain in a ladylike way that she was having no truck with Mr. Stanton. Naturally she was courteous to him in a gentle, deadly sort of way. This fascinated him and was one reason why he fell in love with her. He could not understand why anything seemingly as fragile could be constructed of cold steel. Susy had, for Red, the pull of the unknown. Had she been a maiden from Mars he could not have been more intrigued. What made her tick? Did she never know a sudden impulse toward anything slightly out of line, mayhem perhaps, or arson? What was her private life like? Did she

cook her own meals à la cordon bleu, serve them à la Jeeves, sit down to them, alone, with a proper table setting, wearing a long frock, starting with dry sherry, and ending with a spot of port?

In his own untidy bachelor abode, with its small tiring room for the many ladies, all blonde, who were aware of the flexibility of the latchstring, Mr. Stanton would sit and ponder upon the puzzle of Susy.

It so befell that of the various young men interested in Miss Manners there was only one who seemed to be making headway. This was a gentleman named Alexander Elliston of the Ellistons. Mr. Elliston was so correct that he was practically a mathematical formula. He had graduated cum laude from a very exclusive preparatory school, a great university, and had postgraduated from Oxford. He had a goal which included the diplomatic service, but he was preparing for it in a leisurely fashion by taking courses in political and other economy, history and languages, and a spot of world travel. When world travel was interrupted by what happened at Munich he settled down at home. He had been an old friend of Aunt Susan's, who had approved of him. And it grieved Red Stanton, who first saw him dining at his very exclusive club in the small room in which ladies were permitted, to discover that Mr. Elliston was not only correct and notably well-heeled but uncommonly good-looking.

RED got into the club by mistake. He met a gentleman in a bar and they became very good friends. This character said, "Let's go to my club. I'm expecting to meet my wife there and she'll tear me limb from limb. You come with me, pal, and fend her off."

Red had refused, but his bosom friend had wept sadly into a vicious concoction of three kinds of rum, a jigger of gin, and a dash of brandy. The barkeeper said, "Better go along with him, Red; his old woman's a holy terror." So Red went. It wasn't until he was in the sacred precincts of the club that he discovered that his host, lachrymose and rotund, was Mr. Alvin Somerset-Livingstone.

The missus was waiting with blood in her eye. She was a large irascible female. Red did not move in her circle. His racket was sports. His only contact with the Upper Classes was when he observed them as spectators of the various events which he reported for the Planet.

Mrs. Somerset-Livingstone was properly controlled. Her graceless husband having brought with him, for protection, an utterly unknown guest, she kept her powder dry and reserved her ammunition for a more private hour. She gave no sign that she considered Red's garments the last word in the outré, his day-old beard an affront, and his hair-do a rat's nest. She merely hoped that he would not eat with his knife.

Seated at their table, waited upon by a dessicated servitor, Red looked uneasily about and discovered among the antiques, some of whom he feared were dead and did not know it, the glowing aliveness of Miss Susan Manners. She was with Mr. Elliston. He waved at her and shouted, "Hie, Toots."

His hostess all but swooned, but his host brightened. Mr. Somerset-Livingstone said, "Why, it's Susy."

Inevitably the parties joined forces. Susy was amiable to Red. She concealed her astonishment at finding him in such exalted if intoxicated company, but Mrs. Somerset-Livingstone explained all when the ladies withdrew. She said, "My dear, your uncle found him in the gutter. Where on earth did you meet him?"

"He's a sports writer," said Susy, "on

the Planet, Aunt Marybelle." The Somerset-Livingstones were avuncular by courtesy. She added, "He's a very rude young man."

Indeed he was. For when they returned to the lounge they found a clambake in prospect. It appeared that Mr. Elliston and Mr. Stanton held different political opinions, and Mr. Stanton believed in settling differences not by long tolerant argument but by a quick poke to the puss.

It was Susy who separated the combatants, for Mr. Elliston was not without red blood. And on the way home in Mr. Elliston's car she accepted his offer of marriage, the date to be set after prayer and fasting, because she had been shaken by proceedings and because she felt that Alexander had behaved with admirable restraint.

He kissed her with a reserved passion and told her that no other woman would grace an ambassador's household some thirty years hence as charmingly as she.

In the office next day Susy was astonished to find Mr. Stanton darkening her doorway. He had come, he said, to apologize.

Susy, busy with her multitudinous mail, turned and surveyed him coolly. She said gently that she believed his apology was due to Mrs. Alvin Somerset-Livingstone.

"That old trout!" said Red. "Her inebriate husband's worth ten of her, at least he's human." He added, "Are you?"

Susy said that whether she was or was not was no concern of Mr. Stanton's.

Red kicked the door shut. He lifted Susy from her chair and kissed her with sound and fury. He said, "I believe you're flesh and blood. I believe you sometimes have a cold in your head and occasionally a slight bellyache. I bet if you forgot your manners, Miss Manners, you would be quite a girl. I bet you could even fall in love."

Susy did not slap him. She did not cry, "Unhand me!" She merely looked at him; and presently Red slunk away.

In due time, still with no date set, Susy's engagement was announced. The staff gave her a party, and Red was present, glowering from a corner. Mr. Elliston attended and a good time was had by all. But after a while Red reached out and yanked Susy into his corner. He said, "You don't love that stuffed shirt."

Susy said nothing with eloquence.

"He is a stuffed shirt," said Red.

Susy opened her beautiful mouth: "I like what it's stuffed with, Mr. Stanton."

Red said, "I am going out to get drunk." He got stinking.

TIME went on and Susy set no date. It was spring, and as usual she took to disappearing from town on week-ends. She refused all invitations from friends for correct romps in Connecticut, Rhode or Long Island. She simply vanished.

Alexander was troubled. He called upon her in her little flat, making sure it was not the maid's night out. He asked her bluntly, "Susy, where do you go and what do you do, week-ends?" And she replied quietly that she simply went away by herself, to restore her vitality in order to proceed with her exacting job.

To which her fiancé responded that she need not continue with her job, that it was absurd. Why would she not marry him and move into his Park Avenue domicile and devote the rest of her life toward helping him realize his ambitions? The fact that the goal was still remote was of course due to two factors: first, Mr. Elliston was too aware of his own importance to begin in a humble way, such as a minor attaché; and secondly, he belonged to the wrong political party.

Susy said, "But I like my work, Alex." She couldn't groom herself for the position of ambassador's wife and go on giving

advice to newspaper readers, Alexander pointed out. And Susy countered with the comment that he was still a long way from being an ambassador. They quarreled very politely and parted coolly.

The next day he sent roses.

But the week-end came at the end of each week, and at the end of every week Susy vanished. Mr. Elliston took to brooding. He made a long list of all Susy's male acquaintances, married and unmarried. Which one would...? Which one could...?

It was unthinkable. Aunt Susan's great-niece would never lower herself to a common-garden or even fancy affair, would not be drawn into clandestine and immoral ways. Mr. Elliston was so shocked at himself that he almost challenged himself to a duel. Alexander, you cad, soiling a good woman's name even in your thoughts!

HE cast his books aside, went forth into the summer air and stopped at an air-conditioned bar. Sitting there, lonely as a star, was Red Stanton.

Alexander was seized with a wonderful idea. He motioned to a chair and Red replied with intense dislike, "Pray do."

Alexander sat; he ordered. He thought, This man has no scruples. He is unaware of the most ordinary amenities. It would not trouble his social conscience to spy upon a woman. Besides, Susy would never suspect. And she disliked him, he—

He asked, "Would you like to earn a thousand dollars?"

"Why not?" asked Red. "Who you want rubbed out, chum?"

Alexander was startled. He said, "It isn't that... it's... it's Miss Manners."

"Kill her yourself," said Red.

Mr. Elliston drank his whisky and soda. He said, "Don't be absurd, old man. It's just that I'm worried about her."

"Why?"

"She goes away week-ends."

Red jumped. He started to say, "One more crack like that and I'll knock your teeth down your throat!" He may not have had the social graces, but he was in love with the girl. But he craftily restrained himself. If he knocked out Alexander's teeth Alexander would have difficulty in talking. So Red asked, "With whom?" and was astonished at his grammatical accuracy.

"I don't know," began Alexander; and then, recovering himself, said hastily, "No one, of course. By herself. At least so she says. And I believe her," he said firmly.

"Why?" asked Red.

Alexander said, "I am in honor bound," which was a vague statement.

Red asked, "And the thousand berries?"

"I want to know—where," said Alexander. "She won't tell me. A whim, no doubt. But I have learned—" he didn't say how, or that it had to do with a doorman, a garageman, and bribery—"that she leaves her apartment in her car every Friday afternoon at five. I don't dare follow her," he said simply, "as she would be sure to discover it. But if you—"

Red said, "O. K., brother, you're on. But I want the dough in advance."

Alexander said, "I don't carry so much cash. I'll give you a check."

"O. K.," said Red. "Now."

Alexander looked at him with distaste. Red asked, "Why don't you hire a private dick?"

Alexander looked horrified. He said he wouldn't consider such a vulgar move.

"Sure," said Red. He added, "The drinks are on me, pal."

A little later he had the check in his pocket and was far, far from the refrigerated bar. He was a happy man. He too had not been unaware of Susy's departure, by arrangement with her editor, on week-

(Continued on page 67)

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(Continued from page 65)

ends. He too had wondered. But his wondering had not reached quite the same conclusion as that of Mr. Elliston. He had thought merely, She goes away, she has a swell time. I wish she'd deal me in.

For on Mondays she returned to the office brimming with her restrained vitality, and obviously a happy woman.

He had thought, If it's Elliston? But it wouldn't be. If it's another guy, well, Lord, he's lucky.

He had thought, Anyway, she's human.

A married man? He hoped not, for her sake. Then who, and why did she persist in her engagement to Alexander? There was a mystery about the entire business which for some time had harassed him. For Red had asked her on occasion to take a little jaunt with him, drive into the country, say, for dinner, and she had always turned him down. "Because you don't like me?" he had suggested and she had replied, "Not at all, but I am out of town every week-end."

So Friday, at five, Mr. Stanton lurked around the corner from Susy's flat. He saw her get into her car and drive away. He drove after her.

When he had seen whatever there was to see he would return to town. He would report on Monday, not to Mr. Elliston but to Susy. He would show her the check. He would say, "Look, baby, this guy's no good." He would tear up the check and send it to Mr. Elliston. He would say, "You know what you can do with this." And he would not divulge any findings to Susy's fiancé.

Susy drove out of town. Red kept at a safe distance. They drove toward Albany and beyond.

Her destination was a small town in the fold of the hills, and, on the outskirts near a small pellucid pond and surrounded by trees, a little cabin-type house. It was a short distance from the main road. Red, idling along behind her, saw her turn into a country road. He did not follow. He parked, and walked to the turn. He saw her, half a mile down, drive the car into the yard and leave it there. He saw her take a key out of her handbag.

IT was not yet dark. He had to wait. He went back to his car and drove to the village, went to the one small hotel for tourists. He asked for and secured a room. He ate an early supper, extremely terrible, in a fly-specked dining room. He made inquiries. He was looking, he said, for an old friend who had taken a cottage near by . . . a Miss Manners. She was small, blonde, very pretty.

Said the coatless proprietor, he didn't know of any Miss Manners. Couldn't be he meant the girl who wrote about etiquette in the papers? he inquired. The only blonde young woman in the vicinity was a Miss Peters, who rented a cottage from him down the road. She came week-ends. She was writing a book.

It couldn't be his friend, said Red sadly; she didn't even know how to read.

The Boniface was amused. Miss Peters, he said, was a fine girl. He had a standing order from her—as he also owned the general store. He had a key and every Friday he sent his clerk to the cottage with ice and provisions . . .

"Lots of company?" asked Red, winking boldly. "Fun and games, I suppose, and all that sort of thing."

"Nope. She comes alone, she don't have company." The proprietor sighed. More profitable for him if she had.

When it was dark enough Red drove away from the inn. He left his car parked in the bushes by the turn-in and walked the half mile up the road. There was no other house near by. The lights shone from

the windows and the shades were not drawn. He went very quietly to a window and looked in.

What he saw he didn't believe.

Miss Manners was eating her dinner. Her table was bare of cloth and set with a heterogeneous collection of china and glassware, also with the dinner, all the courses. Miss Manners wore a tight-fitting sweater and slacks. Her feet were thrust into mules, open toed. Her toenails were painted scarlet. So were her fingernails.

She wore too much mascara, too much rouge, too much powder, and too much lipstick. Now and then she leaned back from the table and put her feet on it. She smoked, stretching a little. She ate a lamb chop with her fingers. She buttered a whole slice of bread and put an entire tomato to her mouth.

Her diet was curious in the extreme. She had a bottle of beer, the tomato, lamb chops, potato chips, and ladyfingers. She ate these as the fancy took her, now ladyfinger, now a hunk of lamb chop.

There were other strange things about her. Hunks of stuff which sparkled in her ears, six bracelets on one wrist.

Red reeled. He clutched at the window ledge for support. With distended eyes he watched her rise and turn on a radio. The strains of recorded Duke Ellington reached him through the open window. Miss Manners cut a rug, very neatly.

RED pulled himself together. He went around the house. He walked up the two steps and across the little porch. He opened the door. He precipitated himself into the room. He yelled, "Darling!"

Susy went white as a hand-monogrammed hemstitched sheet. She rose and swayed on her feet. She said, "You—you—"

He cried, "Susy . . . My God, I love you," and clutched her to his bosom. He was all over lipstick, and it was wonderful.

"Red," cried Susy when she was free to speak. "Red Stanton, you unspeakable lug."

She was no lady. She bit him twice, she blacked his eyes, she scratched his face. He loved it. He kissed her tenderly. He said, "Baby, why did you hold out on me?"

A long time later she gave him the last lamb chop, by now very cold. Nothing ever dreamed up by the cordon bleu was like that chop. Then he showed her the check. And they decided not to return it after all. It would finance their honeymoon.

That's the story as Red told it to me. There wasn't any mystery about it. Susy was just tired of it all. She had been tired of it for years, but she couldn't let Aunt Susan down, dead or alive. So ever since she had been on her own she simply went places and did all the things she told everybody else not to do.

When, on my furlough, I met Susy, I went to her apartment. She and Red have a red-headed baby and they're happier than any people I ever saw and they have the most fun. Of course it isn't very easy for her now, with Red going Lord knows where.

Susy still has her column. She has a lot of new problems with which to contend these days, but common sense knows the answers. War weddings aren't quite as ceremonial, and you can't set Aunt Susan's sort of table in a one-room flat over a garage near camp, and rationing doesn't encourage six courses. But Susy still manages to tell the public the Don'ts and Dos. And her own apartment is run according to Aunt Susan's touches—modified. It's a pleasant place to visit. I like it. We had quite a session around the kitchen table, she and Red and I, one midnight, with some beer and stuff, crackers and cheese.

Of course Aunt Susan's training still persists. Susy isn't demonstrative in public. But I've seen her look at Red. Lucky guy. I wish I'd met her first.

THE END



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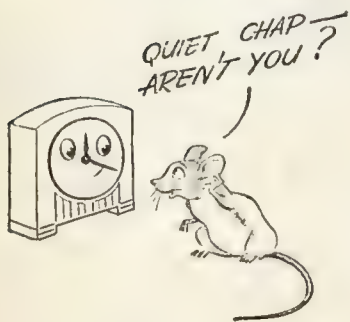
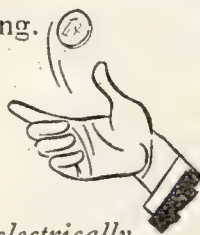


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(Continued from page 59)

children was the International Society for Crippled Children, founded in 1921. In 1939 it was succeeded in this country by the National Society for Crippled Children of the United States of America. All of these organizations aid polio victims, but are also interested in the prevention of all other crippling diseases.

Under the Social Security Act, the federal government in 1935 provided funds totaling \$3,870,000 annually to be administered and distributed to the states by the Crippled Children's Service of the U. S. Children's Bureau. A part of these funds must be matched by an equal amount of state funds, but another part is distributed according to need. Within each state these funds are administered by the state Department of Health or Welfare. The first purpose of the Crippled Children's Service is to register within each state all crippled persons under twenty-one, then to diagnose their cases and to help provide for medical care, surgery when needed, and for training for jobs and social adjustment. If you know of any child crippled by infantile paralysis or by any other disease, call the attention of his parents to this service. Your local health officer can tell you more about it.

SEVERE epidemics of polio seldom come in successive years in the same locality. We hope that there will be none in 1945, but we cannot be sure. For example, 1943 was the country's fourth largest epidemic year with 12,429 polio cases; yet it was followed by 1944's heavy epidemic. However, the 1943 epidemic was in the West and Southwest; in 1944 it was in the East and Atlantic states.

Meanwhile, many of last year's victims are still under treatment. Research, always slow and costly, must go on in many directions if we hope to find a cure for infantile paralysis or a means of preventing it. Money is needed to train many more doctors, nurses, and physiotherapists so that fewer children will be helplessly crippled.

The American people have seen how their dimes and dollars can help in the fight against this dread disease. It is certain that their generosity will continue. It is also to be hoped that they will extend this generosity to the fight against other serious diseases including cancer, tuberculosis, and the venereal diseases.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



FATHERS TO THE RESCUE: Wounded in France, British Private John Wilson went home on leave. His wife became ill and was taken to the hospital, whereupon Private Wilson inherited the job of nurse for his five-months-old daughter. When his leave was up, he took the baby back to camp with him, explaining that he had been unable to find anyone to care for her. His leave extended, Dad and Daughter went home. . . . The U. S. Army gave Private First Class Arthur F. Whitehouse a thirty-two-day furlough to bring his ten-months-old daughter Geraldine to



Philadelphia from Newfoundland, where she was born, to a nurse who didn't want her. Private Whitehouse, who was married nine years ago to Mrs. Rose Whitehouse, a five-and-ten-cent-store employee, wrote Mrs. Whitehouse to ask if she would like to have the child, since their union was childless. The answer was "Yes." On arrival, Geraldine made a hit with both Private Whitehouse's wife and mother.

MAD FOR PLAID: Several New York stores have been featuring vigorous plaids for daytime, evening, and bedtime wear. A midtown shop stresses wool plaid for rural week-ends in a two-piecer whose sleeves are of solid green wool to "pick up" the green in the plaid, as the decorators say. The lumberjack top has a solid green back. There is no law against appropriating the idea for home make-overs with the help of remnants. A downtown store that specializes in low-priced clothes offers a very full, swirling plaid taffeta evening skirt for less than ten dollars. With different tops, ranging from besequined sweaters to filmy chiffon blouses, a party girl can manage to ring many changes on one basic outfit. A Fifth Avenue store has dished up some fine festive pajamas of such sprightly plaids you'll want a fire to break out when you don them, so that you can speed down the fire escape and impress the neighbors.

HOW TO KEEP FATHER HOME NIGHTS: Two utterly dissimilar books will give the old man some pleasant hours in his easy chair during these long winter evenings. Samuel Duff McCoy's *Nor Death Dismay*, published by Macmillan, is an exciting chronicle of merchant ships and mariners in wartime. Appealing to women, too, will be many of the stories of fantastic bravery and rescues at sea, such as the torpedoing of the *Excello*, and the subsequent torpedoing of the *Aurora*, the small freighter that took some of the

Excello's survivors on board. When Ernest Lewerenz, chief officer of the *Excello*, eventually got back to New York, he was told at his company's offices that he would be skipper of a ship then loading for North Africa. Telling his wife of the promotion, he recounted what had happened two weeks before, when an Italian officer on a submarine, trying to pull him aboard from a life raft, insisted that he was the captain of the sinking *Aurora*. "What was so smart about that?" demanded his wife indignantly. "Anybody would know you ought to be a captain!" . . . A tiny book which the man of the house will enjoy reading aloud to Momma is Juliet Lowell's collection of ribald letters culled from war plants, draft boards, and government agencies. Dear Sir is a Duell, Sloan and Pearce publication. One of the more candid letters written to the U. S. Employment Bureau at Cleveland, Ohio, runs, "Sirs, I want you shud get a Defense Job for me Good easy work and send some one to look after my children. They are a nuisance and I am tired of caring for them."

WELL-ROUNDED WOMANHOOD: Dr. David A. Robertson, president of Goucher College, Baltimore, said in an interview that he had yet to see a girl in his woman's college in slacks or sloppy dungarees. The result, he stated, was that "65 per cent of our graduates marry within five years, and the percentage of divorce is one half of 1 per cent. A course called 'The Family' trains girls for marriage, and the college goal is to turn out well-rounded American women." In other words—

Girls who are not prone to prance
In droopy dungarees or pants
Have more attractive fronts and backs
Than those affecting sloppy slacks.



ANOTHER POSTWAR DREAM: The Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company of Detroit will some day begin production of a cordless electric iron. One of its chief features is a "silent watchman" safety heat regulator designed to prevent overheating and eliminate the fire hazard. This alone is a stride in the right direction, as defective and unattended ordinary electric irons cause about forty fires daily in the United States, with a resultant yearly loss in excess of \$2,000,000. Now the next improvement the hopeful housewife would like is an attachment that would enable the iron to do the ironing all by itself while she goes to the movies.

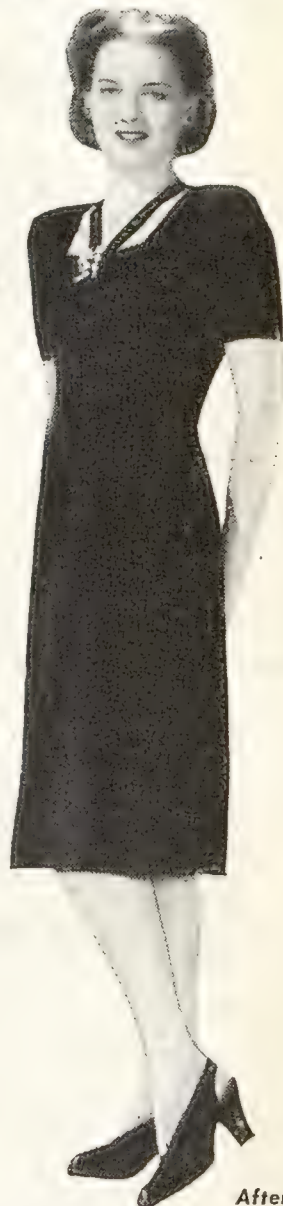
What Happened WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

"This is my chance to make myself over," said Mrs. Lial Eddy, of Oklahoma City—and she did! "When you're only 24 and weigh 164, you're not happy! I had been considering the DuBarry Success Course, and when my husband left for camp, I enrolled."

"When I'd lost 20 pounds, he had his first leave. Meeting him was a thrill! I was so proud of my new figure and make-up. And the look on his face was my reward!"

Today Mrs. Eddy weighs only 130, ideal for her 5 feet, 7½ in. Her skin is radiant.

"The DuBarry Success Course is a wonderful thing for every woman, overweight or not!" says Mrs. Eddy. "I'm really a different person, and life is far rosier! Now all my friends want to take the Course!"



After



Before

At left—Mrs. Lial Eddy when her husband joined the Navy. Above—The charming, glamorous Mrs. Eddy of today, slim, trim, and beautiful.

HOW ABOUT YOU! Maybe you don't need to lose 34 pounds. But the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair and use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?



DuBarry Beauty Chest (Included!)

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

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New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

This month's column should really be called "The Audiences Roar". In the twenty years that this leonine toastmaster has been introducing films, we have yet to experience an audience reaction like that revealed at the previews of "National Velvet".

NATIONAL
VELVET
IN TECHNICOLOR



"National Velvet" is a baby we're proud of—almost proudest of. It is something!

The story is as simple as an alphabet. The suspense mounts like Everest. You'll just love it.

It's the kinship with the characters that makes it. You just want to see "Velvet" win out.

After you've seen it you may stop perfect strangers in the street and say "Have you seen 'National Velvet'?" You may get some dirty looks at first, but after those people have gone to the picture they may come around and thank you.

What is it that makes this picture so great? Surely it's not just a horse race—even though the Grand National steeplechase—done as it's done—is a high spot in all entertainment annals.

No. It's what's behind every action. It's in the playing—in the direction—in the production.

That's why Clarence Brown, the director, has reason to be proud. "National Velvet" is enough to allow anyone to rest on laurels. And that goes for Pandro Berman, the producer.

Mickey Rooney, as the trainer of "Pi", gives an acting performance that outranks everything he has ever done on the screen.



Dear Us! What superlatives! But we can't help it. We'll have to go even further. Elizabeth Taylor's performance means her discovery.

Enid Bagnold's best-selling novel could not have been entrusted to a more excellent supporting cast. Special mention for Donald Crisp, Anne Revere, Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, Arthur Treacher.

England's "green and pleasant land" is so beautiful in Technicolor. And the screen play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch is exceptionally right.

It has greatness—charm—excitement. It has our absolute recommendation—

That's "Velvet"! —Lea

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



Mysterious events lead Stephen (Ray Milland) to jump from a speeding train.

MINISTRY OF FEAR

(Paramount)
Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, Carl Esmond,
Hillary Brooke

THERE are enough sinister ingredients in this adaptation of the Graham Greene spy thriller to keep your spine enjoyably refrigerated from start to finish. While trying to throw off all reminders of a gruesome personal tragedy, Stephen Neale (Ray Milland) walks right out of one eerie set-up into another. From the grim walls of an asylum and the haunting memory of a past murder he wanders hopefully into an innocent-appearing English garden fete, wins a mysterious cake, and straightway gets involved in a nightmarish maze of violence and espionage.

What makes Stephen's adventures exciting and unpredictable is the neat way in which you are made to share his puzzlement, suspense, and shock with each new development. With him, you try desperately to ferret out the secret of the cake;

you worry over the friendly but mysterious Austrian brother and sister (Carl Esmond and Marjorie Reynolds), whom you're not sure he can trust, and accompany him through the ordeal of a weird séance conducted by a glamorous spiritualist (Hillary Brooke). You follow him through many a harrowing experience—explosions, disappearances, and desperate deeds—right to the moment when he scrabbles desperately in the rubble of a bomb crater for the life-and-death secret of the cake. And as the mystery unwinds its tangle of international intrigue there's more excitement and a last-ditch gun battle before you know who really won.

The keen direction of Fritz Lang, the distinctive atmosphere, and interesting cast lend reality to this overplotted yarn and give it an unusual impact.



BEACHHEAD TO BERLIN

(Warner Brothers, in co-operation with the
U. S. Coast Guard)

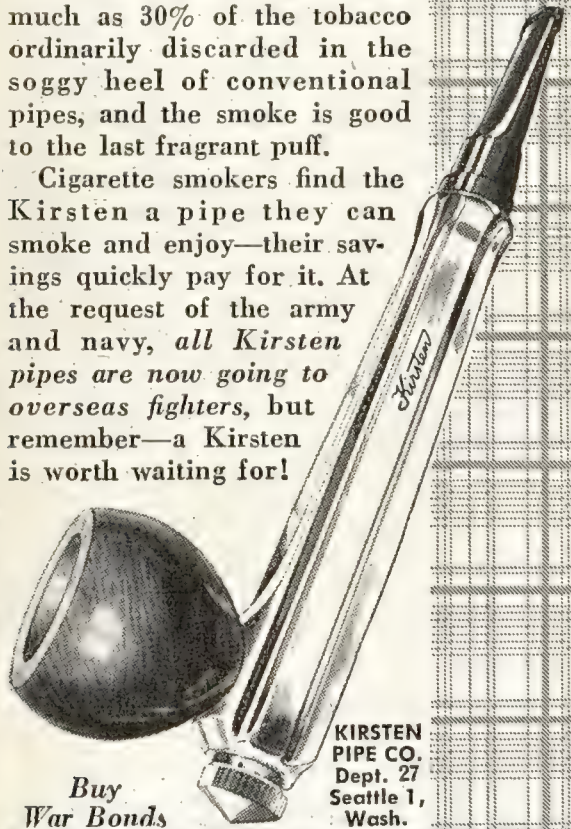
THE world-shaking story of D Day, recorded under fire by fifteen Coast Guard cameramen, now reaches the screen in a spectacular twenty-minute color film which takes its place with the great documentaries of the war. It shows the Coast Guard craft making ready in English waters for the long-awaited invasion of France. Then comes the zigzag journey across the amethyst Channel. The flat-bottomed LCIs, the rescue cutters, the blunt LCVPs, all play a part in the tremendous drama whose climax comes when the infantry struggles ashore through the heavy surf and spreads out into long lines of strange, bowed, slate-colored figures. The beachhead is established! Through the flame and shock of battle can be seen glimpses of the wounded, the littered decks, the figures floating tragically in the water. The whole vivid story is here, with its touching aftermath of human interest and even humor in a liberated Normandy village.

And it's a story you'll never forget.

Economical

The Kirsten pipe bowl is scientifically designed to burn every crumb of tobacco—evenly and cleanly—saving as much as 30% of the tobacco ordinarily discarded in the soggy heel of conventional pipes, and the smoke is good to the last fragrant puff.

Cigarette smokers find the Kirsten a pipe they can smoke and enjoy—their savings quickly pay for it. At the request of the army and navy, all Kirsten pipes are now going to overseas fighters, but remember—a Kirsten is worth waiting for!



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THE *Kirsten* "RADIATOR" PIPE
PAT. & PATS. PEND.

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Send me Liberty for Check which

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CAN'T HELP SINGING

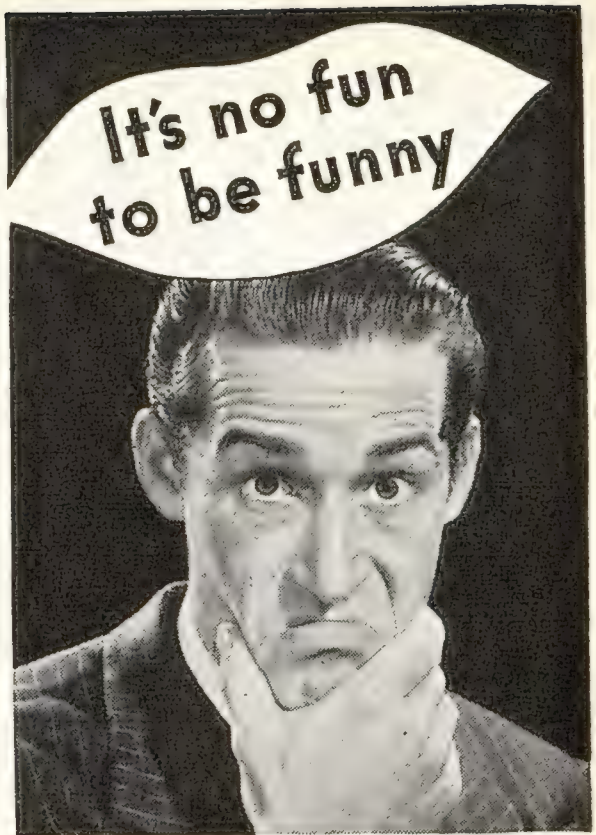
(Universal)

Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff

DEANNA DURBIN, looking her prettiest in Technicolor and exuberantly warbling her full-throated best, is the chief charm of this lighthearted and tuneful musical. If a stock musical-comedy treatment of the panoramic West strikes your fancy, you can settle right back and enjoy this pleasant combination of Jerome Kern music, bandbox-bright costumes, broad comedy, and pictorial romance.

Deanna, fleeing from the senatorial protection of her papa (Ray Collins) in Washington to the arms of a dashing lieutenant (David Bruce) in California, jolts gaily across the country in a covered wagon, sings bubblefully in a hired wooden bathtub, falls in love with an even more dashing young Westerner (Robert Paige), and wears a ravishing new outfit every day. Most of the way is enlivened by the comic company of two moth-eaten scalliwags (Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinskey) in Dickensian beaver hats, who are constantly preoccupied with stealing Deanna's spang-new trunk. There's also plenty of wonderful scenery, a set of decorative Indians, and a well-populated wagon train bursting with atmosphere.

Of the songs, More and More and Can't Help Singing are likely to linger catchily in your ears. And since the story's not to be taken seriously by anybody, everything remains carefree, colorful, and melodious from Washington to Californ-I-Ay.



"Cracking jokes with cracked lips is no laughing matter. I keep mine fresh, flexible and smooth with CHAP STICK!



After exposure to heat or cold—sun, wind or weather—use the one and only CHAP STICK. It keeps lips fit.

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Brenda — Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed — or rather my feet have — thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast — and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money — so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

BARNUM OF BOXING

Continued from Page 30

the age of twelve. He labored a while in an iron foundry. But he was a whipper-snapper from the start, and he lived at Thirty-first Street and First Avenue in New York City, so he had to learn to defend himself. Then he took to professional boxing.

When he was sixteen, and a 105-pound boxer, the late Joe Humphreys, then a manager as well as an announcer, offered Johnston a bout in Staten Island.

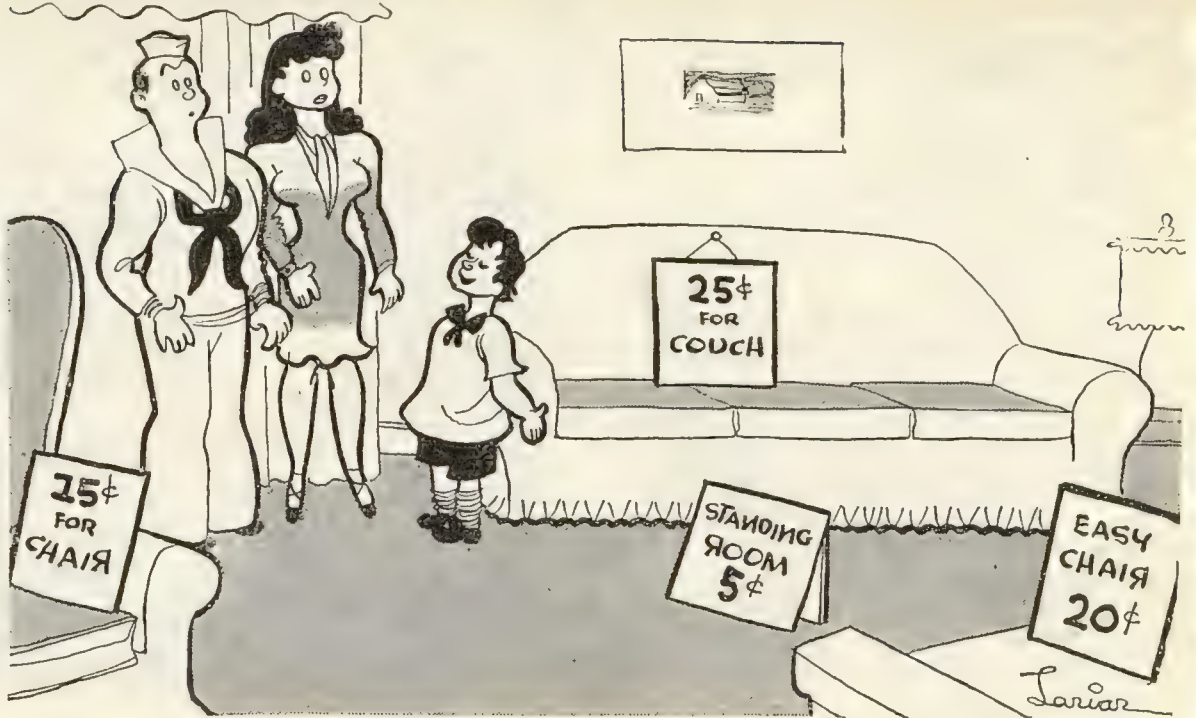
"If you win, I get ten dollars of the winner's share of seventy-five dollars," said Humphreys; "and if you lose, I get five dollars of the loser's cut of twenty-five dollars. Right?"

"Right," said Johnston. The bout ended in a draw. Jimmy refused to pay over anything, on the ground that there had been no arrangement to cover a draw. Humphreys roared for a seven-fifty split, but to no avail. Johnston, then as now, knew all the technicalities implicit in a contract. Perhaps it was the tip-off that the business end of the game was to hold the greater opportunity for him.

Jimmy's boxing career ended when he was knocked out by Danny Dougherty. He picked up a job as handy man at a boxing club, and soon was traveling around with English fighters imported by Charley Harvey.

Then the Johnston of the strutting gait, the saturnine countenance, and aggressive disposition began to branch out for himself, and by 1912 he was able to lease the old Madison Square Garden at Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue for three years. Boxing, however, was by no means his only concern. He staged automobile racing at Sheepshead Bay in 1919, put on the first six-day bike race after World War I, promoted professional swimmers, conducted a successful Win with Walker election parade for his friend, Jimmy Walker—and all the time kept his eye

THE HOME FRONT



"Well—what'll it be?"

peeled for a potential heavyweight champion of the world.

Today, nearing seventy, this five-foot-four featherweight—he weighs 130—is still looking for his heavyweight. Meanwhile he has reared twelve children, the oldest forty-six and the youngest twelve, and can gather ten grandchildren around him. He works from noon to midnight and keeps his office mainly in his 6⅞ black derby along with his Phineas T. Barnum imagination.

Johnston neither smokes nor drinks. When, around 1911, he and Damon Runyon used to frequent such popular Broadway night spots of the era as Shanley's, Doyle's, Churchill's, or the Garden Cabaret, they would keep themselves going with twenty to twenty-five cups of coffee apiece.

Johnston's forte is his skill as liaison man between boxer and public. In news-

paper space-grabbing for his own private purposes he is unsurpassed. Columnist Dan Parker was wont to lash Johnston unmercifully during the 1930s, when Johnston promoted boxing at the Garden. Jimmy frequently sent him a note of thanks for remembering to spell the Johnston with a "t." (The Joy in his name was donated by a newspaperman.)

And in the old days, when no decisions were permitted in boxing bouts and the consensus of the reporters was accepted, Johnston achieved miracles with the press. There were no telegraph wires at the ring then, so it was imperative for a manager to race to a telegraph office or phone in order to be first into a newspaper office with his version of the result. Johnston devised a foolproof system for winning these races. He sent in the result before the fight was over. If there was any hullabaloo or denial, that was swell. It generated demand for a new match.

JOHNSTON employed a reverse publicity twist for a bout he promoted between Primo Carnera and Pat Redmond at Ebbets Field. He warned fans that it would hardly pay to go, that it would be one-sided, that Carnera would win. Out of sheer perversity, 40,000 people attended. Primo triumphed in a jiffy, and so did Johnston—in the pocketbook.

Johnston is an expert in psychology, and can talk an unsuspecting fighter half out of his wits. A few words from the man whom detractors have labeled the Boy Bandit and Larceny Pete once cost Jess Willard a fight. Willard, who was not yet heavyweight champion, had beaten Bull Young badly in California, and Young died after the bout. Willard was absolved of all blame, but he was still profoundly upset by the tragedy when he went to Milwaukee to box Boer Rodel.

Said Johnston, as he examined Willard's gloves before the fight, "You beat that rap in California, Jess, but they'll hang you if something like that happens in Milwaukee. And Rodel has a weak heart."

Willard was so worried that he did not throw a hard punch throughout, and Rodel won the newspaper decision.

But Johnston can talk a man up as well as down. He picked up a discouraged Mike McTigue on Broadway, instructed the Irishman to put more weight on his right foot when he threw his Sunday punch, and adroitly managed him to the light heavyweight title and a quarter of a million dollars in purses.

TAKE OFF UGLY FAT

MANY LOSE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!



Money Back Guarantee

USERS SAY

Physician Writes: "Enclosing check for 12 cans of Cal-Par."
Drops 35 Pounds: "Thanks to the Cal-Par Plan I reduced from 160 to 125 lbs. I feel wonderful." Mrs. E. C., Kas. City, Mo.
Nurse Reports: "Lost 45 lbs. in 31 days; never felt better."

90 Lbs. Fat Gone: "Your Cal-Par Plan helped me reduce from 288 to 198 lbs. Friends tell me how wonderful I look. Recently I had an operation; my doctor said he never saw anyone recover so quickly." Mrs. V. E., Augusta, Kas.

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. military hospital and a state public health officer. Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: For lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure. Get a \$1.25 can of CAL-PAR (30 DAYS' SUPPLY) at health food, and drug stores.

- NO EXERCISE!
- NO REDUCING DRUGS!
- ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR, we will send you postpaid a special can for only \$1.00. This \$1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE, Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

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I enclose \$1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 3124, Detroit 4, Mich.

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Send \$1 for my famous Personal Analysis Questionnaire. Answer my questions and I will send you a 3-Page Report revealing your professional, business, vocational and social potentials. Money refunded if not satisfied. JAMES MARATTA, Counselor in Human Relations, Rockville Centre, N. Y., Dept. 4.



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Relieve Itch in a Jiffy

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid **D.D.D. Prescription**. This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D.D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription**.

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25c Home Trial Relieves Excess Acid in 5 Minutes or DOUBLE MONEY BACK

If you still suffer from suffocating gas and heartburn due to excess acid, chances are you've never tried UDGA Tablets. Now make this 25c double-your-money-back home trial. Yes, in only 5 minutes the very first tablet may show how you may gain happy relief from gassy excess acid pains. UDGA Tablets, different from "candy" and baking soda, is a real medicine, containing 3 fast-working ingredients. Udgas helps relieve in minutes. That's why over 200 million have been used by victims of stomach and ulcer pains, sour upset stomach, indigestion, burning stomach ache, due to excess acid. Ask your druggist for Udgas Tablets today.

PAIN WEARS YOU OUT... DRAGS YOU DOWN

When Headache, Functional Monthly Pains, or Simple Neuralgia interfere with your work or your enjoyment, try **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS**. Get them at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. Regular package 25c, economy package \$1.00. MILES LABORATORIES, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.



Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 462 Niagara Street, 142-R Frontier Bldg., Buffalo 1, New York

And Johnston once so aroused Joe Louis by his baiting that the Brown Bomber gave Bob Pastor a second shot at his title. For two years Johnston had demanded a return match after the champion had outpointed Pastor in New York's Garden. Louis' managers refused.

Later, when Pastor outpointed Roscoe Toles in Detroit, Louis was there. Joe drifted in to congratulate Pastor, and immediately Johnston yelled at him, "You see what he did to Toles! Why, he'd do the same thing to you if you weren't afraid to fight him."

"Who said I'm afraid to fight him?" blurted Joe.

"You are, and you know it, you big lug. We're ready. Get your managers and we'll show you!"

JOE stormed out boiling—and the rematch was made. The afternoon of September 20, 1939, Johnston suffered a heart attack. His doctor ordered him to bed immediately. That night Louis and Pastor squared off in a scheduled twenty-round bout at Detroit. Jimmy was at ringside bright and early.

Pastor, down four times in the first round and twice in the second, rallied beautifully in the eighth, ninth, and tenth rounds, and Johnston visualized his coming back for the decision, visualized the realization of the hope of a lifetime—the heavyweight title.

But Louis loosed a mule-kick left hook in the eleventh and night fell for Pastor. Johnston, his heart pounding in better time than ever, was still arguing with the fight mob at six the next morning, insisting that Pastor's cut eye was the break which won for Louis. And he had some of the cynics believing him at curfew.

"That was the closest I ever came to winning the heavyweight title," he says.

Fainting Phil Scott was Johnston's masterpiece. Pastor, Simon, and others went up the ladder on victories, but Scott, a reformed English fireman who later returned to his homeland, was defeated decisively in all his major battles.

Scott was knocked out in his first start in America and was put to sleep many times thereafter. He had a penchant for claiming foul if hit anywhere on the body. Between Johnston's blathering and Scott's assertions that he had been fouled, fans became more and more confused and returned the next time to see whether they were in their right senses the first time.

"They may laugh about my Philip," reflects Johnston, who always uses the possessive for his gladiators, "but my Philip made more money sitting on the canvas than Hoover did sitting in the White House."

Scott and Johnston shared \$300,000 in purses between them.

Members of a Jimmy Johnston entourage always possess one characteristic—something to attract the public's eye. Jimmy will present something marvelous and spectacular about Fernando "the Bull" Menichelli if the ex-clerk from South America displays any talents at all—or even if he doesn't. The twenty-seven-year-old 200-pounder who stands close to six feet is said to have won more than seventy fights in South America and lost only three, and is reported to have shown up well in two fights with Arturo Godoy. In any event, trust the Barnum of Boxing to make an honest dollar with him.

"My Fernando will be another Firpo. Within six months he should be ready for Louis. My Fernando..."

Johnston conveys these ideas in all languages. But as one dour-faced rival manager remarks, "In any language it still means 'Bull.'"

THE END

WHEN NERVOUS HEADACHES PESTER ME I FIND THAT MILES NERVINE HELPS NERVOUS TENSION TO RELAX AND LEAVES ME CALM, SERENE



WHEN functional nervous disturbances such as Sleeplessness, Crankiness, Excitability, Restlessness, or Nervous Headache, interfere with your work or spoil your good times, take

DR. MILES NERVINE

(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)

Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives. Buy it at your drug store—Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c, Liquid 25c and \$1.00. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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For 55 years **Kondon's Nasal Jelly** has been a success quickly relieving cold-clogged noses and miseries of head colds. Why? Because it's so soothing to inflamed, swollen tissue. Opens nose first application. Isn't liquid. Doesn't run. Millions of tubes used. Ask for **Kondon's Nasal Jelly** at any drug store.



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KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snuggler that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

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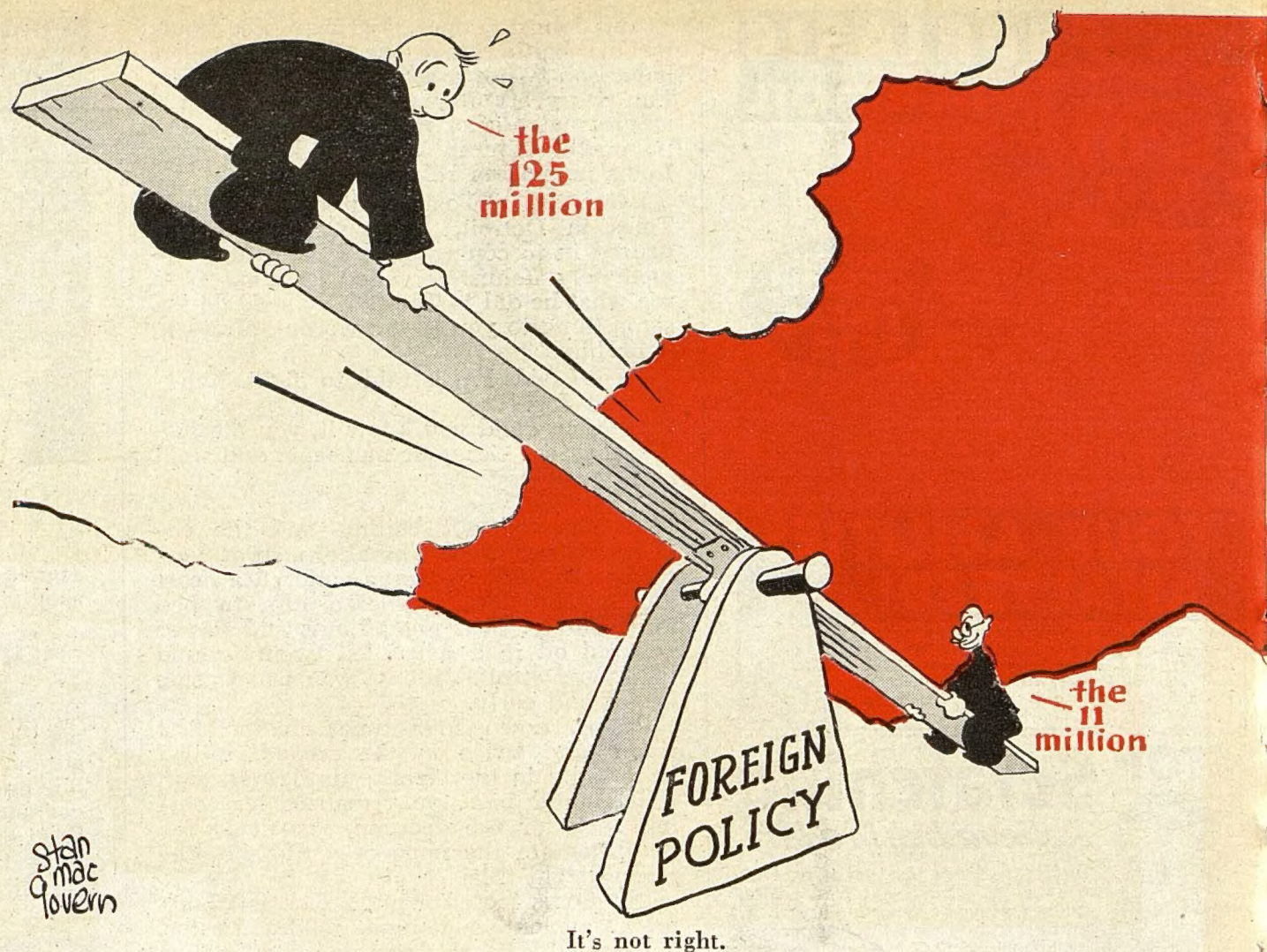


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FEB. 3, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



HERE'S ONE CHANGE IT IS TIME FOR!

BILLS are certain to be introduced before the newly-elected Congress to change the present constitutional provision for the ratification of treaties. As it is now, one third of the Senate plus one can block the adoption of a treaty. To change the Constitution a three-fourths vote by both houses of Congress is required, plus subsequent ratification by three fourths of the states. This is a hard row to hoe, and the move to abolish the two-thirds rule is going to have tough sledding. Power is seldom relinquished willingly, and the Senate of the United States is not likely to give up its power over foreign policy without a fight.

Still, if the interests of the United States and its people require a change in the methods by which treaties are ratified, it should be done. Let's look at this proposed change and see if it is justified.

The provision requiring ratification of treaties by two thirds of the Senate was put into the Constitution in the first place because it was considered in those days that the Senate was composed of older and wiser heads. In a sense, the provision was meant to be a deliberate negation of democracy. In dealing with foreign nations the watchword of the young republic was "Proceed with caution." Once a foreign policy was adopted, it was difficult to turn back. The founding fathers felt (wisely perhaps for those days) that the adoption of foreign policy should be insulated from the swing of popular feeling.

In the early days of the republic the people

at large had little knowledge of the world and what went on in it. However, conditions have changed. People are much better informed now and have ample means of keeping themselves so. They are able to exercise direct judgment about a matter which affects them so vitally as foreign policy.

As the situation stands now, any thirty-three senators can block adoption of a treaty. Each state has two senators, regardless of population, and these thirty-three might come from our least populous states and actually represent only a small proportion of the people. It is mathematically possible for the senators of seventeen states with a total population of about 11,000,000 to block the will of the other thirty-one states with a population of 125,000,000.

This, of course, is neither a democratic nor a healthy condition. America has grown up now and must take an adult part in the affairs of the world. Its people have matured also and no longer need to be protected from their own folly in foreign affairs by any small group of supposedly superior wisdom. Certainly many U. S. senators have not been without folly in foreign affairs in recent years.

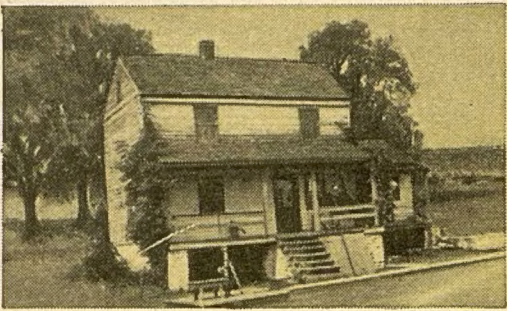
It's time the American people took their future international destiny into their own hands and changed their Constitution to allow them to do so.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

From early American homes to Dream Home of Tomorrow

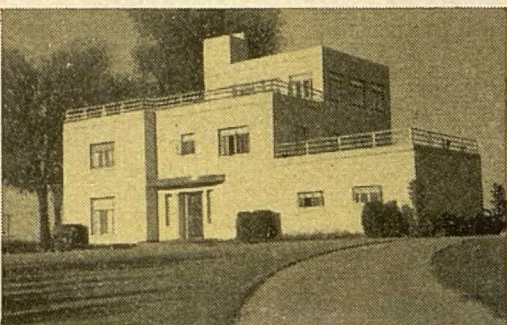
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